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CONTENTS.

THE WEEK.....	129	LITERATURE:	
MINOR TOPICS.....	132	Literary Notes.....	145
The Constitutional Amendment.....	134	Perry's Political Economy.....	146
Our Indian Policy.....	134	Winifred Bertram.....	147
The French Students.....	136	Stevens's Centenary of American	
The Reign of Terror in Jamaica.....	136	Methodism.....	148
The Late Affair at Seringapatam.....	137	Frothingham's Life of Warren.....	149
		A Goblin Romance.....	150
		The Magazines for February.....	151
Free Fiction.....	138	FINE ARTS:	
The South as It Is.....	139	French and Belgian Pictures on Ex-	
England.....	142	hibition.....	152
Paris Gossip.....	143	Music.—Concerts of the Week.....	154
CORRESPONDENCE:		FINANCIAL REVIEW.....	156
Wit and Humor.....	144		

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The Week.

THE President, according to the agent of the Associated Press, has delivered himself to a "distinguished senator" on the subject of negro suffrage in the District of Columbia, as well as upon the proposed amendments to the Constitution changing the basis of representation. If his remarks upon the attempt to establish negro suffrage in the District be correctly reported, he will probably veto the bill. The arguments against the measure which the telegraph puts into his mouth are none of them strong, and some of them very odd. That the measure will "engender enmity, contention, and strife between the two races," may or may not be true; it is natural for the President, born and bred in a slave State, to think so; but even if it is true, it is an objection which has always lain against the elevation of a race previously degraded and oppressed to an equality, political or social, with its oppressors. This irritation and annoyance on the part of the dominant class is one of the unavoidable accompaniments of any great social or political revolution. You might as well look for disease without pain as expect a caste to surrender its peculiar privileges without much bitterness and heart-burning. This, in our minds, is one of the smallest of the objections to the bill; the serious one is, that Congress in it deliberately declares that no amount of ignorance ought to disqualify a man for voting. The President's fear that the agitation of the question will lead to a war between the two races which "would result in great injury to both and the certain extermination of the negro population," is, we presume, expressed in the language of the reporter and not in his. Any injury the negroes may sustain over and above "certain extermination" will hardly be worth considering. Mr. Johnson's remarks on amending the Constitution are sensible and timely. If it is to be reached, a constitutional convention is the proper body to do it.

A GOOD illustration of the difficulty of protecting the public against corporations by any system of inspection, or perhaps we should rather say, of the extent to which all systems of inspection are dependent for their efficiency upon the character of the officials who administer them, has just been afforded in the case of the Columbian Marine Insurance Company, of this city. This company suspended payment about ten days ago, to the consternation of its stockholders and creditors—but without surprising many people actually engaged in the insurance business. On turning to the report of the State Superintendent of the Insurance Department presented to the Legislature in March, 1865, we find that the Columbian did not file, as the law requires, a "detailed statement of its assets and liabilities" at the close of 1864.

It simply, says the superintendent, "alleged that it was unable to prepare the required statement, although companies with much larger assets and business have promptly complied with our State laws, and made the exhibits required by the department." Instead of at once instituting an investigation into its affairs, however, and proceeding to wind it up within sixty days, as the law requires, he allowed it to go on and to serve for another year as a snare for the unwary. We have heard of one case in which a lady last summer invested her whole fortune in it, of course in ignorance of its condition. The superintendent offers no reason or excuse whatever for this extraordinary neglect of his duty. The only statement of his which will bear the appearance of an excuse is his own acknowledged failure to prepare, though he had nearly nine months to do it in, a new form prescribed by the Legislature early in 1864 for the annual statements of the insurance companies. Characteristically enough we find several pages of his report devoted to a bombastic and irrelevant disquisition on the comparative growth of population in the United States and in foreign countries, in which he demolishes Malthus, and calls increase in wealth and numbers "*spolia opima*."

NEW JERSEY ratified the Constitutional Amendment on Tuesday week, January 23.

THE public have been assured during the past week that the admission of Tennessee would take place very shortly. We are as ignorant of the authority for this statement as we are of the peculiar merits of the State in question. It is true she has, with undisguised reluctance, consented to conditional negro testimony in her courts; but that is about the measure of her willingness to abandon the ways of slavery for those of freedom. A free-school bill was defeated in the Senate last week, and the action may be viewed as the determination of the hitherto ruling class to maintain its supremacy by the enforced ignorance of its subjects, and as an additional bar to the immigration of Northerners, whose solicitude for the education of their children precedes that for a fertile soil and abundant crops.

THE New York correspondent of the London *Spectator* informs that journal that Carl Schurz is "the reputed author" of the letters entitled "The South as It Is," appearing in THE NATION. How they came to be ascribed to Mr. Schurz, we do not well know. Many people endeavor to discover the authors of articles in THE NATION by an *à priori* process which, in nine cases out of ten, leads to false conclusions, and we presume Mr. Schurz got the "repute" of doing us the honor of corresponding with us, in the same way. It is but justice to him to say that when travelling in the South on official business for the Government he never sent us a line on any subject whatever, and was never requested by us to do so.

SENATOR COWAN, of Pennsylvania, stated last week in his place that there were seventy amendments to the Constitution then pending! The very number may comfort the opposition, to which Mr. Cowan belongs. So much budding zeal will add very few branches to the parent stock of our Government. Even if they all passed, one could hardly expect to outlive their ratification by the several States. The last amendment, with all its popularity and pressing importance, was nearly a year in being ratified. Kentucky has not yet given her consent to it, and says she never will, if only because she has once said she would not. The only workmanlike way, if so much amending is necessary, is to call a constitutional convention. Meanwhile, it is best to consider if the "Constitution as it is" is put to its highest uses, and cannot be made

to answer well enough our present purpose, which is to give reality to our republicanism and equal protection to all men under the laws.

Mr. POLLARD, who recently assaulted the *Times* correspondent in Richmond, was brought before the mayor on the Wednesday following. Mr. Brooks admitted that he had dressed his account of the shooting affair in the Capitol, of which he was not a witness, "to make it more acceptable" to the readers and proprietor of the newspaper which employs him; and that if spoken to Mr. Pollard's face, it would have been "grossly insulting." "Some license," however, he urged, "is allowed to newspaper correspondents in their publications." Judge Crump, the counsel for Mr. Pollard, alluding to Mr. Brooks as one of the "jackals of the press," thought he had only received a merited chastisement by "that most degrading of all weapons, the cowhide." Except that he was careful to state whom he considered degraded by it, we might have supposed the judge meant his client. Perhaps the mayor himself had this doubt. At all events he remarked with great profundity that "the opinion of the court, sitting on the bench, is not the same as if the court was not sitting on the bench;" and ordered Mr. Pollard to give bail for his appearance at the February term of the Hustings Court. So the doubt becomes a standing one.

It seems to us that Mr. James Brooks raised one very good objection to the amendment introduced by Mr. Stevens from the Reconstruction Committee. The scheme for forestalling the Southern reactionists by changes in the Constitution would be far more plausible than it is if it were not still an open question by whom those changes can lawfully be made. Its supporters, clearly, believe that the conquered South is debarred from all share in ratifying or rejecting them. The President, on the contrary, takes the opposite view, as was evident to everybody in the case of the abolition amendment. Until this difference is settled, Mr. Stevens's policy is as uncertain and unpromising as it is in any event tedious. If Congress think Mr. Seward's proclamation bad arithmetic, it is high time to inform the Executive.

THE Springfield *Republican* had, a few days ago, some excellent remarks, which we regret to be unable to copy entire, on "flunkeyism," apropos of the difficulty experienced by the Massachusetts Senate in agreeing both with Governor Andrew and Senator Sumner in taking opposite sides of the same question. The fact is that party discipline has been brought to such perfection, and its obligations have with most men acquired so much force, that criticism of the conduct of a party leader, even by those who agree with him as to general aims, is getting to be looked on as a kind of *scandalum magnatum*, of which nobody but a political profligate will be guilty. Being thus all but released from the wholesome and necessary restraint of the only public opinion about which they care anything—that of their own supporters—party leaders are getting into the way of indulging all kinds of caprices, and then treating any failure to applaud their performances as an indication of treachery to the cause.

OUR attention has been called to a misapprehension which might have arisen in regard to our paragraph last week on Mr. Sherman's reelection. The vote of 94 to 41, which we mentioned rather incidentally, being that of the Senate and not of the Republican caucus, of course was strictly a party vote; and the friends of Mr. Sherman and Mr. Schenck alike united to defeat the Democratic nominee.

In a report made by Sam Adams to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, in March, 1767, concerning Hutchinson's claim to a seat in the Council, Hutchinson being at the time Chief-Justice of the colony, is the following passage. The political wisdom it embodies requires enforcing now quite as much as a hundred years ago:

"The office of a chief-justice is most certainly incompatible with that of a politician. The cool and impartial administration of common justice can never harmonize with the meanders and windings of a modern politician. The integrity of the judge may sometimes embarrass the politician, but there is infinitely more danger, in the long run, of the politician's spoiling the good and upright judge. This has often been the case, and in the course of things may be expected again."

NEWS of the death of Frederika Bremer reached this country last week. She is known here not only by her novels, which had a wide circle of readers, but by her personal presence some sixteen years ago. The friendships she then formed, among widely different classes, are probably still green, at least in the North. She was a good woman, of very broad sympathies, interested in all that concerned the welfare of society and the improvement of the people. She was fortunate in securing the Howitts as translators for her works, for they possessed a spirit kindred to her own, and in reproducing her but gave expression to themselves.

A BLOOD-RED blossom of war (which it would not be violence to call a Prim-rose in this case) has burst forth in Spain, and the Government which has been going about of late correcting poor little republics all over the world has now trouble enough to engage it exclusively at home. All that is certainly known about the revolution is that it is under the direction of the democratic leader, General Prim, and that it began with a revolt in two cavalry regiments. There have been disturbances and arrests in most of the cities, and martial law is enforced wherever the Government prevails. La Mancha is the seat of so much actual war as there is. All intelligence comes through Government channels, and tastes of them.

THERE is some excited journalism both in England and France over the denunciation by the *Moniteur* of the extradition treaty between the two countries, which has just been abruptly terminated by the French Government as of no effect. The Imperial press declares that no criminal has ever been delivered to France under this treaty, while the liberal French papers and the English journals assert that England had given up twenty-four rogues for fourteen received from France. There was some anxiety felt in England lest the friendship of the two governments should be imperilled by a demand for the extradition of political conspirators under a new treaty, a demand to which England could never accede. The Government papers at Paris deny that the Emperor had any such ulterior motive in denouncing the late treaty.

THE oracular response of the French Emperor to the New Year's felicitations of the Diplomatic Corps, for which all Europe waits with such great anxiety, has had this year even less meaning than usual. The Emperor was happy, he said, in the experience of accomplished events, which permitted him to predict for the world long days of peace and prosperity, and so dismissed the diplomatists with heartfelt thanks. The *Journal des Débats* finds nothing in the speech but the compliments of the season. *Au contraire*, the *Constitutionnel's* notion is that the speech is grandly significant, and that it will produce a profound impression in France and an immense sensation throughout the world.

THERE is rumor of an alliance between Austria and France, which it is said Austria greatly desires, that she may be the better able to carry out her plans for internal reconstruction, and at the same time oppose an added force to the pretensions of Prussia. The *Débats* sees an almost insuperable obstacle to the alliance in the widely different views which France and Austria entertain in regard to Italy.

THE Prussian Parliament was to meet on the 15th inst., though for what purpose it is hard to tell. An official paper announced that the course of the session would depend greatly on the attitude of the members, which is interpreted to mean that members might discuss public affairs in favor of the Government, but in case of opposition would be sent back to their families like insubordinate students. Some anxiety is felt at Berlin concerning the rumored alliance between France and Austria.

THE complications in Greece have become so serious that it is said the three protecting powers, Russia, France, and England, are about to send vessels of war to the Piræus, to sustain the faltering dominion of King George. A much happier plan would be to leave the Greeks to arrange their affairs without foreign protection or interference.

THE new Italian cabinet is composed of Sig. Pettinango, Minister of War; Sig. Berti, Minister of Public Instruction; General Angioletti (continued), Minister of Marine; Sig. Scialoja, Minister of Finance. During the late ministerial crisis the Italians behaved with great patience and moderation, and added another proof to those already given of the qualifications of that people for self-government.

FRANCIS II., of Naples, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, have recently made claim, through the good offices of France, for their private property, now in the hands of the Italian Government; and the latter has replied that it is not its intention to appropriate this property, but that its repossession cannot be effected through diplomacy. The exiled princes must make their claims regularly through the Italian tribunals. It is supposed that they will be slow to do this, inasmuch as an action brought by them in an Italian court would be a formal recognition of the existing government in Naples and Italy.

CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27, 1866.

THE leading development of the week has been the report from the Joint Committee of fifteen on the condition and right to representation of the late rebel States. The constitutional amendment recommended by the committee, basing representation and taxation upon actual population, excluding from the enumeration all to whom the elective franchise is "denied or abridged on account of race or color," awakened the most animated discussion of the session. On the one hand, the measure was denounced by the opposition party as a bill to postpone indefinitely the restoration of the Union, and to force negro suffrage upon the South. On the other hand, the Union men were greatly divided in opinion as to the policy and effect of the proposed amendment. A majority of Western members appear to favor a rule basing representation in Congress upon actual voters alone, leaving direct taxes to be levied upon population or upon property. This is opposed by the New England members, and by many others, as unfairly reducing the representation of States where voters are fewer on account of the preponderance of the female element in the population. Others oppose the amendment of the Joint Committee on the ground that it holds out a direct premium upon the disfranchisement of whole classes, upon grounds other than race or color. They argue forcibly against inserting into the fundamental law of the republic a rule which admits of any State denying the elective franchise to its poorer citizens, for example, by a property qualification, thus constituting an oligarchy instead of a republican form of government, while still counting the full numbers disfranchised as a basis of representation in Congress. There are others who object that the proposed amendment recognizes the right of the States to disfranchise, on account of color, large bodies of their citizens. These objectors demand an amendment investing the federal Congress with power to prescribe the qualifications of electors who are to participate in the federal Government. This latter view, although not yet very fully insisted upon, is felt by a large share of the Republican majority to be the strongest and most logical position that can be maintained. It is unquestionably more simple and freer from practical objections than any of the other propositions. It would establish a uniform rule throughout the nation, to be modified or amended only by national law. Why should each State be permitted to prescribe a different rule as to who shall be competent to vote for officers of the United States? Now that slavery is got rid of, the obstacle which prevented the slavery-bound founders of our civil polity from making a uniform rule of representation no longer blocks the way.

Of course, this plan will encounter the opposition of all the Democratic party, as well as of the so-called Conservatives. The battle of the champions of the State-rights heresy, as against the power and authority of the nation, will be vigorously renewed. But since this school is just as intensely opposed to any disturbance of the Constitution at all, and it is questionable whether twenty-seven States (three-fourths of thirty-six) can be got to make even the amendment proposed by the committee a part of the Constitution, is it not just as well to make the issue upon ground that is tenable, and sure to be reached at last, if we

are to continue a nation, and not an aggregate of warring sovereignties? Thaddeus Stevens, indeed, significantly assumed that but nineteen States are needed to make the amendment he reported valid as a part of the Constitution; but this theory, which counts eleven States as out of the Union, has been practically ignored by Mr. Seward in his proclamation of the adoption of the anti-slavery amendment, as well as by sundry statutes in the past legislation of Congress.

The passage of the Freedmen's Bureau act, substantially as it was originally reported by the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, leaves that body free to proceed with the bill regulating suffrage in this District, as well as with Mr. Trumbull's bill to enforce the Constitutional Amendment guaranteeing the freedom of all persons. Both measures are expected to pass by about the same majority as made the Freedmen's Bureau bill a law.

It is more and more evident, as time advances, that no progress toward the renewed representation of the South in the federal Government is to be made during this session of Congress. Not even the Tennessee members are likely to be admitted to seats, and it is only candid to state that the evidences of continued disloyalty constantly coming up from those States are the chief obstacles which prevent Congress from recognizing their claims. No members are more strenuous in opposing hasty "reconstruction" than the four radical Congressmen from Kentucky, and the seven or eight (including the two senators) from Missouri.

DIARY.

Monday, Jan. 22.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner offered a petition from the colored convention of South Carolina praying Congress to secure them in their lives, liberty, and property, and grant them equal suffrage. Referred. Mr. Fessenden, from the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, reported a proposed amendment to the Constitution as follows: "Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included in this Union according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed: *Provided*, that whenever the elective franchise shall be denied or abridged in any State on account of race or color, all persons of such race or color shall be excluded from the basis of representation." Laid over. Senate bill providing that in any trial before United States courts for capital offences the case may be carried to the Supreme Court by writ of error, and questions of law there determined and the judgment of the court below affirmed or reversed, also authorizing persons to act as jurors in such cases, notwithstanding an opinion formed or expressed, was taken up. Mr. Sumner and Mr. Davis objected that the latter provision set aside the universal law of the courts of the United States, as laid down by Chief-Justice Marshall in the Burr case. The bill was postponed. The resolution referring to the Reconstruction Committee all papers relating to the condition and representation of the late rebel States was passed, with the verbal understanding that it did not embrace credentials. The bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau was discussed by Messrs. Cresswell, Wilson, and Trumbull in its favor, and by Cowan, Davis, Saulsbury, and Guthrie against it.

In the House, Mr. Finck offered a bill amending the oath of office, so as to make the requirement of loyalty to the U. S. Government prospective, and not retrospective. Referred. Mr. Stevens moved to instruct the Judiciary Committee to enquire whether legislation is necessary to enforce the taking of the test-oath by all officials, South as well as North. Adopted. Mr. Ashley offered a constitutional amendment that in case of the death or disability of the President or Vice-President, the Chief-Justice shall act as President; also, that in case of no election by the people, Congress shall elect a President in joint session. Referred. Mr. Jenckes offered a bill providing for the regulation of elections in the District of Columbia. Referred. Bills were offered and referred, to construct a ship-canal around Niagara Falls; to admit Colorado as a State into the Union; to grant pensions to soldiers of the war of 1812; to establish a navy yard on the Delaware; to provide for defence of the North-eastern frontier; to authorize the President to appoint certain officers of his household, and fixing their salaries; and to grant bounty land to soldiers of the U. S. Mr. Williams offered resolutions for the trial by military commission for violation of the laws of war, and not by civil courts for treason, of leaders of the rebellion now in custody. Referred. Mr. Niblack offered resolutions of commendation of the President for refusing to accept presents, and censuring all officials who accept presents from their subordinates in office. Laid over. Mr. Stevens, from the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, reported the constitutional amendment already cited in the Senate proceedings, and proposed to call the previous question, and to have the resolution passed before the sun went down, after one speech on each side; whereupon a lively discussion arose, developing great differences of sentiment among the Union majority. Mr. Conkling, of New York, made an extended speech in behalf of the amendment, and Mr. Rogers against it. Mr. Stevens said as twenty-one State legislatures were now sitting, and nineteen States would constitute the three-fourths necessary to amend the Constitution, he should urge immediate action.

January 23.—In the Senate, Mr. Conness presented resolutions of a California Miners' Convention, protesting against the bill for the survey and sale of all mineral lands of the United States. Mr. Henderson, of Missouri, offered a constitutional amendment prohibiting the States from discriminating against any of their citizens on account of color or race in prescribing qualifications for electors. The Freedmen's Bureau bill was discussed by Messrs. Fessenden and Trumbull in its favor, and by Messrs. Saulsbury, Hendricks, Davis, Johnson, and McDougall against it.

In the House, Mr. Henderson, of Oregon, offered resolutions declaring that rebel States have forfeited their rights and existence, and that their government belongs to

the United States; also, that the negro race ought to be colonized in Texas and protected as a dependency of the United States. Referred. Mr. Grinnell moved that a census of the United States be taken in the year 1866. Referred. The constitutional amendment reported by the Joint Committee of fifteen was discussed during the whole day. Mr. Brooks introduced into the debate the petition of sundry "women's rights" advocates in New York for female suffrage, and gave notice that he should move to amend by inserting the words "or sex" into the constitutional amendment.

January 24.—In the Senate, Mr. Kirkwood, of Iowa, senator elect, was qualified and took his seat. Mr. Trumbull, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported against repealing the test-oath of July 2, 1862. Mr. Wilson offered a constitutional amendment prohibiting any payment by the United States or any State for emancipated slaves, or for any debt incurred in aid of rebellion. Mr. Dixon offered a resolution looking to legislation for the protection of loyal citizens whose property had been confiscated by the Confederate Government. Referred. The Freedmen's Bureau bill was again discussed. Mr. Davis offered eleven amendments, aimed at curtailing the operation of the Bureau, all of which were rejected.

In the House, the constitutional amendment as to the basis of representation was again discussed, occupying the whole day.

January 25.—In the Senate, a bill authorizing the Postmaster-General to employ twenty-nine additional clerks was passed; also, a bill providing for an additional land district in Oregon. Mr. Davis spoke three hours against the Freedmen's Bureau bill, after which it was passed; yeas 37, nays 10.

In the House, the constitutional amendment prescribing the basis of representation was debated during the entire day. Mr. Julian offered a resolution looking to the protection by United States laws of the lives of passengers on railroad cars. Referred.

January 26.—In the Senate, a bill for the relief of seamen on board vessels wrecked in the naval service was passed. Also, a bill extending to four years the time for withdrawal of imported goods from bonded warehouses. Mr. Howe's resolution for provisional governments over the late rebel States was taken up, when he made an argument to show that the insurgents have not surrendered their cause.

In the House, it was ordered that the debate on the constitutional amendment, reported by the Committee of Fifteen, be closed on Monday, January 29, and that the vote be taken January 30. The measure was then discussed by Mr. McKee, of Kentucky, in its favor, and by Messrs. Harding, Kerr, and Wright against it. The House passed a bill granting a copyright to Mrs. Herndon for the republication of Herndon's "Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon," heretofore published by Congress.

January 27.—The Senate was not in session. In the House, the day was spent in Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. Speeches were made by Messrs. Smith, Baker, and Broomall, all discussing the conditions of restoration of the late rebel States.

THE FREEDMEN.

GENERAL SAXTON's report for South Carolina and Georgia estimates the number of acres of abandoned lands seized by him for the Bureau at 312,014, and the number of houses transferred by the Treasury Department at 120. "Under the provisions of Circular No. 15, from the War Department, these have mostly been restored to their former owners." On some of the Sea Islands the freedmen colonized under General Sherman's order "have established civil government, with constitutions and laws for the regulation of their internal affairs, with all the different departments for schools, churches, building roads, and other improvements." The number of colored children now being educated in South Carolina is 6,000. "The entire want of capital on the part of the planters to pay for labor is undoubtedly the principal reason why the planters cannot, at present, secure all the labor they require. As a rule, the freedmen are ready to work where they are sure of receiving their pay."

General Gregory reports that the crops in Texas, of all kinds, are garnered, and the subsistence for the coming year for blacks and whites is abundant. The cotton crop, though only half as large as in former years, was so well gathered that, under present prices, it will bring more wealth into the State than any heretofore grown. This has been accomplished chiefly by the labor of the freedmen amid the distractions and uncertainties of their transition. "They are, as a general thing, strongly impressed with religious sentiments, and their morals are equal, if not superior, to those of a large majority of the better informed and educated." Their desire to learn is intense. Their testimony is admitted in some of the judicial districts, but excluded in others. Where federal troops have not been quartered, the blacks are not unfrequently restrained of their liberty as of old.

Colonel Robinson's report for the district of Mobile (embracing seven counties) is a powerful argument for continuing the Bureau, and endowing it with higher powers. The press and the civil courts unite in wilfully impeding the elevation of the freedmen, and seek to deprive them of security. "If the matter of enlightening them by a school of education was left to the white citizens, the unfortunate class would be indefinitely continued in ignorance and mental darkness such as slavery alone could entail."

Colonel Osborne has submitted to General Howard a plan for colonizing freedmen in Florida. He proposes that the Government shall procure by purchase and erect as a Territory all that portion of the State below the 28th degree of latitude. None but freedmen to be allowed to buy or pre-empt land, and each head of a family to have 80 acres. About 400 townships, or an area of 9,000,000 acres, are suitable for settlement and cultivation, accommodating 115,000 families in the ratio mentioned.

—Gen. Terry has again pulled rein on the reconstructed Virginians. The Legislature enacted a law applicable to vagrants, among whom are reckoned those who, not having wherewithal to support their families, live idly and refuse to work for the usual and common wages given to other laborers in the like work in the place where they then are. This was in manifest complicity with such combinations of employers as we noted last week in the case of the James River planters, and Gen. Terry so regarded it. The penalty for vagrancy was compulsory hire for three months, or four if escape was attempted, with authority from a justice of the peace to work the offender with ball and chain. This the general regarded as another form of servitude, between which or the insufficient wages of their employers the freedmen must choose. He accordingly ordered that no magistrate, civil officer, or other person should in any way apply or attempt to apply the provisions of the statute to any colored person in the department.

—The Senate passed on Thursday the bill "to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau," by a vote of 37 to 10. It was substantially that introduced by Senator Trumbull on the 5th of January; but for sections 4 and 6 were substituted sections 5 and 6 of Representative Eliot's bill, and section 5, confirming and making valid the possessory titles granted under Gen. Sherman's order, was so altered as to protect the occupant from disturbance or ejection during three years from the date of that order, unless the owner shall be able to make with him a settlement satisfactory to the Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau. The Senate refused to except Kentucky from the surveillance and authority of the Bureau. The Bureau continues until otherwise provided by law.

—The Sampson County (N. C.) court recently sentenced a negro to be sold into servitude on a charge of drawing a pistol on a white man. Major Wyckersham, of the Freedmen's Bureau for that district, at once ordered the court and all the parties concerned to be placed under arrest in Raleigh.

—The Tennessee House of Representatives passed a negro testimony bill on the 24th ult. by yeas 44, nays 32.

—There are upwards of 23,000 colored persons in Washington city. In 1860 there were less than 15,000, bond and free, in the entire District. The white population of Washington at that time amounted to 11,138.

Minor Topics.

THE advent of the new year suggested to us the idea of noting down a few of the material indications of the progress made by the world since the beginning of the century, and we speedily made out a list of things which are so familiar to us that we have not only ceased to think of them as novelties, but very few of us can even fancy the world getting on without them, though our grandfathers had never heard of them. The material progress made within the present century is, to be sure, a trite subject, but, then, we doubt whether, in spite of all that has been said upon it, many people have sufficient acquaintance with its details not to be startled by seeing them grouped together. A man need not be very old to remember the time when there were no railroads, no locomotives, no steamships, and no telegraph wires—no gas-lights, no petroleum, no California gold, no india-rubber shoes or coats, no percussion caps or revolvers, no friction matches, no city aqueduct, no steam printing-presses, no sewing-machines, no reaping machines, no postage stamps or envelopes or pens of steel or gold; when there was no homœopathy or hydropathy, no chloroform or teeth extracted without pain; when there was no mesmerism, no biology, and no table-tippings and marvels from the spiritual world; no planet Neptune, no Stuart's syrup, no Hecker's flour, no temperance societies:

no sax-horns or cornets or Boehm flutes or seven-octave pianos; no photographs, no paint-tubes for artists, no complete stenography, no lithography or anastatic printing or etching on stone, no illustrated news, and hardly a decent wood engraving; when omnibuses and street-cars were not dreamed of; when dull street-lamps lit with whale-oil were a luxury, and the Metropolitan Police an Utopian vision; when there was no unpopular Christianity, no Emerson or Parker, no slavery agitation, no Garrison or Phillips; Tennyson, Browning, and Carlyle were in embryo, and even Wordsworth was hardly known; when there were no public schools, no special departments of science in colleges, no gymnasiums, no art unions, no literary or political clubs, no lyceum lecturers, no wisely organized and widely operating philanthropic societies, no prison discipline, no good lunatic asylums, no houses of employment and reformation for young scamps—and generally very little hope for reform in young or old scamps.

In those days people drank green tea, and ate heavy suppers, and went to bed with warming-pans and night-caps, and slept on feather-beds, with bed-curtains round them, and dreaded the fresh air in their rooms as much as sensible folks now-a-days dread to be without it. And if they heard a noise in the night, they got up and groped about in the dark, and procured a light with much difficulty, with flint and steel and tinder-box, and unpleasant sulphur matches. And went to their medicine chests and took calomel and blue pills, and Peruvian bark, and salts and senna, and jalap and rhubarb. In those days the fine gentlemen tipped old Jamaica and bitters in the morning, and lawyers took their clients to the side-board for a dram—while the fine ladies lounged on sofas reading Byron, and Moore, and Scott's novels. In those days long leather fire-buckets were hung in the entries, filled with water, and, when a fire broke out, every citizen was a fireman. In those days gentlemen chewed tobacco, indifferent where they expectorated, and ladies cleaned their dental pearls with snuff, and wore thin shoes, and laced themselves into feminine wasps and consumption. Babies were put to sleep with spanking and paregoric. Urchins were flogged at school *à posteriori*, and subjected to all sorts of unheard-of chastisements. Picture-books and toys were dear and poor. Big boys played *hockey* (or, as they called it South, *bandy*) in the streets, with crooked sticks and hard wooden balls (policemen being unknown), and went home to their mothers to have broken shins anointed with *opodeldoc*. Street-fights occurred between schools, and schoolmasters were persecuted by the biggest boys. Young ladies danced nothing but formal and decorous cotillions, or fast and furious Virginia reels, in wide entry halls, by the light of candles that called for snuffers every ten minutes—to music by black fiddlers or cracked and jingling pianos; while mothers sat darning stockings, and fathers played backgammon, or gambled, and swigged brandy-and-water—or came home late, roaring bacchanalian songs, and enquiring of their sleepy wives in which brown-paper parcel the *milk* was tied up. Boarding-school misses in calico gowns practised the "Battle of Prague" or the "Caliph of Bagdad" or Clementi's "Sonatas" on instruments not much bigger than a modern young lady's travelling trunk, strung with jangling wires that were always snapping; and occasionally chirped Moore's "Melodies," or such airs as "Gaily the Troubadour," or "Pray, papa, stay a little longer," or "The banks of the blue Mosche-he-he-helle." Guests sat on hard wooden chairs, sometimes with their feet up, over roaring wood fires, "spittin' round and makin' 'emself sociable," with juleps, egg-nogg, apples, and cider. Every man shaved; wore a bell-crown hat; a swallow-tail coat with a horse-collar; carried a turnip-shaped timekeeper in his waist-band, with a heavy seal hanging out; had his breeches' pockets full of silver half-dollars; wore round-toed boots and linen shirts; cased his throat in a high black satin neck-stock or heavy cravat, with high standing shirt-collars; ate all manner of indigestible food; swallowed all manner of nauseous quack medicines; dined at one o'clock, some families eating the pudding before the meat; took naps in the afternoons (on Sundays preferring the pews for that purpose); had nothing to say against slavery or rum; took a meagre weekly newspaper; smoked "long nines;" ate fried oysters, and lobster salad, and Welsh rarebit with plenty of red pepper, and drank fiery Madeira or punch, at twelve o'clock at night; got his feet wet on slushy, snowy days; took awful colds and rheumatisms; sent for Dr. Sangsue, and was bled, blistered, and leeches; had nightmares, headaches, dys-

pepsia, fever, delirium, death and darkened rooms. In those days a journey from New York to Albany took as much time and thought as a voyage now to Panama; and a voyage to Europe was like a departure to the next world. We saw our friends aboard ship with sobs and tears, and a letter from across the ocean was like an angel's visit.

Such are a few of the reminiscences of fifty, nay forty, years ago. No doubt our horizon has expanded in a vast number of directions since then. But, *per contra*, have we not lost as well as gained? If we are better provided with ways and means for material comfort, have we gained also in self-reliant and industrious and simple habits? If we are all more on a level, are we as courteous? If riches abound more, do not luxury and extravagance threaten us proportionally? If we have grown more intelligent, have we grown wiser? If human and philanthropic associations overspread the country, are we individually less selfish? But we are not going to preach.

THE delicacy of General Delafield ought not to go unsung by a muse vigilant to celebrate the progress of refinement; for since the first days of the war, when our generals fought the enemy in a spirit of brotherly kindness and conciliation, we have not seen so great proof of tenderness for the rebellion as General Delafield has lately shown. In an old army man, too, it is all the more surprising, for it must be confessed that soldiers—those surgeons of civilization—get rough habits of frankness, and like leeches, who make a great deal of incision, have a certain ruthlessness of touch. But General Delafield has preserved all the sensitive courtesy of his youth, and will not call a spade by its name in the presence of gardeners' children.

It is known that in the course of the late regrettable hostilities the Government troops took from the rebellious forces some thirty guns, which were sent to West Point, there to be inscribed with the names of the actions in which they were captured, and kept as trophies. The Secretary of War has now transmitted to Congress the correspondence between the Academy and the chief engineer of the army, in relation to these cannon, from which it appears that General Delafield, with the delicacy which we admire, replied to Captain Balch's request for leave to mark the guns with the proper inscriptions, that it had better not be done. In speaking of the pupils of the Academy, he said:

"It should be our study with these young men to permit nothing of an irritable or boastful spirit to be placed constantly before the sight of those whose section of country suffered by the rebellion. Let history tell the evils this rebellion has produced, and let us, through the instrumentality of the Military Academy, renew its powerful influence in establishing national feelings through the friendships that are sure to flow from a scholastic fellowship under military training for years. These guns should be preserved only as historical of the artillery arm of the service, indicating the period and place of manufacture of each, calibre and description of gun, omitting everything connected with their capture or use."

No one can deny that this is thoughtful and amiable in General Delafield. To be sure, the gentle purpose might be more perfectly accomplished by melting down these unhappy guns and substituting others just like them for use in the study of historical gunnery; but still it is to be hoped that the young gentlemen of the North and West will emulate General Delafield's generosity, and never allude to the capture of the cannon in the presence of their Southern fellow-students. Too many of those who remained true to the Government in the hour of its calamity, and helped beat down armed treason in the bloody field, cherish an indecent pride in the recollection of their deeds, which cannot be rebuked with sufficient severity; and the sooner their sons can be taught to forget the whole affair the better. There is a peculiar propriety, moreover, in hushing up the secret of the insurrection at West Point; for it is well known that some of the most distinguished chiefs of the treason were educated at that Academy; and if there were anything there to remind the Southern students that the treason had suffered an utter and inglorious defeat, it might not only wound their high-toned sensibilities, but would, perhaps, warn them that rebellion is disaster.

The special attention of the reader is directed to the Financial Review on another page. Its place among the advertisements is by no means significant of its value, but is resorted to only that we may obtain the latest intelligence of the market.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

THE amendment to the Constitution reported by the Joint Committee—excluding from the basis of representation all that portion of the population of any State which may be disfranchised by the State laws on account of race or color—has some manifest advantages over the proposition to make legal voters the basis of representation. In the first place it does not, as the latter would have done, punish the older States for sending large drafts of their young men to the West, by depriving them of a large proportion of their federal weight. In the next place, it does not tempt the States into competing for voters, and getting them of whatever quality, where and how they can, and at whatever cost. It would leave the public judgment free to decide whether any qualifications are necessary for the exercise of the franchise, and, if any, what they ought to be.

But, then, it would not settle the Southern difficulty. It does not restore or secure any human being in any of the revolted States in the possession of his rights. It does not provide for freedom of speech or freedom of the person or freedom of instruction. It does nothing for the restoration of industry. It does not furnish any Southerner with a single reason for laying aside his old fear or hatred for the Union, or for desiring to be in feeling, as well as in fact and in law, one of its citizens. It does not remove any of the causes, whatever they may be, which now either hinder or retard the assimilation of society in both sections into one homogeneous whole. We do not say that its failure to do any of these things is a good reason for opposing it. It may have uses, and great and grave uses, without accomplishing one of these results. But then these are after all the great ends of any process of reconstruction. Any amendment of the seventy now before the public that does not help us, and materially help us, to obtain these results, ought to have very striking merits of some kind to entitle it to weeks of debate, and the solemn confirmation of a national vote.

What will this amendment accomplish? It will certainly, as long as the Southern States do not choose to admit the colored population to political equality, diminish the representation of those States in Congress. This may be a gain; for the present, and as long as they exhibit the least restlessness under the public debt, or the least disposition to make us pay for the damage done to their property in following their armies over their territory, it certainly will be a gain. If they do admit the negroes to political rights, there is, of course, every probability that the vote of the latter will be cast on our side, and that the addition they would make to the Southern delegation would weigh in our favor. But, then, suppose the South should give up all hope of damaging the public credit—suppose they should consider any such scheme Quixotic; should perceive that, owing to the mode in which the public debt was contracted; owing to the character and influence and wide diffusion through the land of those who hold it; owing, too, to the sacredness of the associations which surround it, to the strong hold it has on the heart of the North, as the very price of national existence, they should abandon definitively all hope of either impairing its value or swelling its volume by adding to it any portion of their own burdens—suppose they should be satisfied, after a little better acquaintance with Northern feeling, that the least attempt to lay a finger on it would cause the very stones of the free States to rise and mutiny, and should make up their minds to sit down quietly and pay the taxes necessary for its redemption—what then?

We should undoubtedly have escaped a great danger. But where should we stand? The South would have a few delegates less in Congress than it would like to have, and one great cause of Northern uneasiness would have been removed. But then the problem of all

others which puzzles us most just now—the problem of social and political inequality at the South, would remain as far from solution as ever. A large portion of the Southern population might still, probably would still, be permanently excluded from the citizenship on grounds which we all hold to be absurd and unchristian, if not utterly repugnant to the spirit of our institutions. Caste at the South might still be created and perpetuated. A feudal system, based on serfdom, would still be possible under the Constitution. But this is not the worst of it. All this we have had in times past without considering ourselves morally responsible for it. The trouble is that, the present amendment once passed, we should be morally responsible for it. The question would have been solemnly submitted to the Congress and people of the United States, whether a State with a “republican form of government” should have a right to disfranchise a portion of its population for being of a particular color or belonging to a particular race, if it chose to cut down proportionally its representation in Congress; and would have been solemnly answered in the affirmative.

The choice in this case does not lie between an exercise of the “war power” and a constitutional amendment, as it did when negro suffrage began to be first debated, but between two constitutional amendments. An amendment forbidding any man's exclusion from political rights on the ground of race or color is still possible. It would, perhaps, hang fire for the present in some of the Northern States, but it would certainly be carried before very long. In days when New Jersey votes for the abolition of slavery, nothing is impossible. And we confess we believe that the submission to the country, by the national legislature, of a proposition to strike out at once and for ever from every statute-book the last traces of the great stain of our history, might bring the matter home to the national conscience with a force which would soon show that the votes in some States, such as Connecticut or Wisconsin, did not, after all, express the feeling of the people in its highest and noblest moods. At all events, we should be saved from the danger which now threatens us of establishing a bad precedent for the sake of avoiding a temporary inconvenience.

OUR INDIAN POLICY.

THE Government, in attempting to solve anew, in a statesmanlike manner, and once for all, the question, What shall be done with the Indian? is not left wholly in doubt what course to pursue. The faith of the nation has been pledged to the treaty Indians, and it must be sacredly kept with them. It is clear, also, that the discharge of this duty falls properly upon the civil Department of the Interior, acting through the Indian Bureau, as at present. Important measures, in fact, were inaugurated last summer in this direction, and gave promise of good results. They began in the councils at Fort Smith, Arkansas, with the Indians of the Southern Territory, who had, by participating as nations in the late rebellion, violated treaty stipulations. These, accordingly, had to be made anew. The other councils were those held by General Sanborn, and agents of the Indian Bureau, on the Little Arkansas, and the council presided over by General Curtis at Fort Rice on the Upper Missouri. The result of the Sanborn council is to remove into the western part of the Indian Territory the tribes which have been engaged in hostile operations along the Kansas and Colorado frontiers, and upon the overland and Santa Fé roads. General Curtis's council projected treaties with nine different bands of Sioux, and opened negotiations which will be continued favorably in the spring. The stipulations will mainly confine the North-west Indians to the region lying between the North Platte and the Upper Missouri. A number of contiguous reservations are to be located on or near the river. The chiefs begin to realize that they must become cultivators of the soil, or in a few years perish from the land. The Sioux are a fierce, warlike, and powerful people, occupying nearly the whole of Dakota. Several of their largest bands have increased in numbers during a few years past—a significant fact when contrasted with the general result.

Among the propositions which for some years past have been growing upon the attention of public men is one providing for the organization of the country south of Kansas into a Territory, with a

proper form of civil government. In this it is proposed to settle all of the reservation Indians who are willing to remove, and do not desire to take their present lands in severalty and assume citizenship, thus losing their race identity to become one with us. Within its boundaries there are already living about forty-five thousand Indians, a majority of whom are quite well educated and count many able and intelligent men. They have written constitutions and forms of government, and are, consequently, qualified for ultimate relations with the people at large. Before the rebellion they were among the most prosperous communities on the continent. It will take but a short period for them to recover somewhat of their old position.

In the provisional treaties made at the Fort Smith council the idea of an original Indian territory was kept in view. Conditions were made for the purchase of land for the settlement of civilized tribes from Kansas and elsewhere, as fast as arrangements could be made. The western portion of the territory can and will be used for the hunter tribes. The Little Arkansas council had this in view when locating the Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Kiowas, and Comanches in the region lying between the Arkansas and the Canadian Rivers. The Osages, a tribe living in Southern Kansas, have agreed to a treaty by which they move to the south-west of the proposed territory. All of the hunter Indians south of the North Platte and east of the mountains could be readily concentrated into the western half of the territory, especially if the parallelogram of Texas known as "Young's Territory," running between that State and New Mexico to within half a degree of the Kansas line, could be added thereto. It is an excellent hunting and grazing region, and, with proper direction, the nomads could be transformed into shepherds and herdsmen. The civilized tribes will inhabit the largest half to the east. They are farmers now. As before stated, they are partially educated, and the Southern tribes have been trained to participation in government. They could become a capital police force to keep the peace with the more unruly tribes of the west. Their intelligent men ought to have due influence in determining policies designed for their race.

Commissioner Cooley's treaties wisely embrace propositions for the organization of a territorial government, for the settlement of other tribes in its borders, for the aid of these tribes in suppressing disorders among the marauders of the plains, and for the development of the country by the encouragement of railroads. Two very important routes are projected: one towards the Gulf, from Kansas to Galveston; the other towards the Pacific, from Missouri to San Diego, California. Another provision is the recognition of the freedmen's citizenship among them, and providing for their proportionate possession of land. General Sanborn, as acting commissioner of freedmen, is engaged in carrying out these requirements.

A bill has been introduced into Congress providing for the organization of a territorial government. Should it become law, as is likely, we shall see a worthy attempt made to enable the Indian to perpetuate his existence, not as a wandering, begging, marauding savage, or a pauper on the bounty of the Government, but as a part of our common country, and entering at the proper time the family of States. In connection with it provision should be made for as early an abolition of tribal distinctions as can be brought into practical effect. Further, while indiscriminate trading should not be allowed, measures ought to be adopted looking to the abandonment of the present system of licenses. In fine, just as fast as is compatible with the Indian's ability to take care of himself, it should be the aim of Government to withdraw its guardianship.

The proposed territory lies between the 34th and 37th parallels of latitude and the 93d and 100th of longitude. It contains an area of 74,127 square miles, 47,441,480 acres. It is 320 miles from east to west, and 220 north and south. On the same range as Arkansas, Tennessee, Virginia, it possesses a delightful climate. Its agricultural advantages are unsurpassed, the soil being fertile and capable of raising abundantly all the cereals of the temperate zones and the staples of the South. The scenery is lovely and inviting, especially in the eastern part. The finest mill privileges are found on the streams flowing into the Arkansas, or the Canadian, and the tributaries of the Red River of Texas. W. T. Powell, civil engineer, who was chief rebel engineer in this region,

says that coal of a superior quality is found over the entire country from Fort Smith, Arkansas, to Boggy Dépôt, a distance of one hundred and forty-five miles. From this stratum the rebel government obtained its trans-Mississippi supplies. Mines were worked at Boggy Dépôt and at other points east to Jenny Lind, Sebastian County, Arkansas. Lead, gypsum, copper, and the ores of iron are also found in various quantities. No portion of the continent is better adapted for grazing and cattle-raising. Immense herds of cattle still exist, while for four years two large armies have been fed therefrom and millions of dollars' worth stolen and driven out of the territory.

The projected Indian territory is worth duplicating. The region itself is ample enough for all the Indian race. But the removal thither of all is simply impracticable. The mountain Indians cannot be transplanted, nor can those from the Pacific or North-west. For the last-named, the region indicated by the treaties projected at the Fort Rice council, or the section lying between the James River, the Upper Missouri, the mountain base, and the British line, affords ample room. It is a good grazing region, frequented by the buffalo, has abundant timber, and, being fertile, the short summers would afford sufficient return to industry. It was in this region that Gen. Pope proposed to carry out the plans he submitted to the War Department. Within our vast mountain territory we certainly can find a spacious and suitable section into which might gradually be brought the eighty or ninety thousand Indians who are likely to be in our and their own way. If the practicability of this be doubted, an examination of the Navajo settlement at the Bosque Redondo, or of the methods pursued towards the Pueblo and Mission Indians in New Mexico and California will, it is believed, satisfy any doubt. Nor should there be found much difficulty in concentrating on the Pacific coast. This policy is now framing in California.

It may be urged that such plans would be attended with too great expense. Not so much certainly, in the long run, as attends the present system of scattered reservations, multitudes of agents and traders, and annuities. A fit and accessible place once obtained, the next step will be to insure the Indians protection in it, and speedy punishment of the wrongdoer, whoever he may be. Then to provide them with suitable teachers—persons who can teach them to farm as well as to read, their women to cook as well as dress decently. Industrial civilization will pave the way for religion, and the missionary should be last though not least. The money paid them for lands should be laid out directly in improvements, clothing, and food. So much for a permanent policy, looking alike to our security and their preservation and welfare.

The present disturbed condition of such large bodies of Indians affords an opportunity of adopting a beneficent and sagacious policy. One thing should *not* be done. No peace ought to be made which has not been preceded by a warfare so vigorous as to impress upon the Indians the futility of further resistance. We like the ideas advanced by General Pope on this point. As proposed by him, the control of Indians at war should be placed entirely under the military authorities, and a line of posts be extended around the section already indicated in Dakota, hemming in all the North-western hostile Indians. They should be required to remain there as prisoners of war, having the limits of that region and no more. No traders should be allowed to go among them. All treaty stipulations, having been violated, should be considered annulled. Such payments as would have been made to the tribes in peace should be administered directly in their behalf. They should be kept from starvation and encouraged to hunt and farm. At certain designated stations, and no others, trade should be allowed. Here, also, schools and farms might be established where the Indians, persuaded to settle, could receive direction and support. On no account should they be allowed to pass the boundaries; any outrage or violation by individuals being considered a declaration of war, to be followed by suspension of trade, supplies, and more or less active hostilities until the transgressors were given up. Being under martial law, any trespassing or marauding whites could be readily punished. This rule should be maintained until the necessity had passed.

It is understood that General Grant has determined, first, to afford ample protection to the great lines of travel; second, to put in the field a sufficient force to subdue the Indians; and third, to carry out a plan like this of General Pope's. The result may safely be left to the future.

THE FRENCH STUDENTS.

IN this time of congresses, the Belgian students thought they also must have a congress. They invited their friends of the French and German universities. Six French students accepted the invitation and went to Liege, the old episcopal town where the meeting took place. In Belgium—a free country, the freest in Europe—nobody paid much attention to the proceedings of the students. But the French police had followed the six young representatives of the Academy of Paris; their words and their actions were as carefully watched as if they had been great statesmen instead of foolish and enthusiastic young men. If we can believe the police reports, wisdom did not mark their conduct. Elated and intoxicated as it were by the atmosphere of liberty which they breathed, they indulged in every sort of revolutionary nonsense; but their worst crime seems to have been to refuse to figure in a great procession of the students with the tricolor French flag; they carried instead a black flag, and offered themselves to the quiet and bewildered population of Liege as the mourners of French liberty. After this holiday, they quietly returned to France, trusting that they could not be punished in their own country for deeds committed across the frontier.

Not a human being in France had heard of the speeches pronounced by the students at Liege, and their very names were as unknown as if they had never been born. There is no law yet by which a French citizen can be prosecuted before a court of justice for what he has done out of France. But Mother University has her own laws; her authority may be regarded as a sort of paternal authority; so it is at least in England and in Germany. Oxford has its own tribunal, and the Vice-Chancellor acts often as a justice of the peace. In France the jurisdiction of the university is not as extended as in England or in many German towns; the student has no privileges; he is treated by the law like any other citizen. Students are sued for debts like anybody else; there is no university prison or university police. M. Duruy, however, the present Minister of Public Instruction, and head of the university, thought it necessary to punish the students who had gone to Liege. Long after the ill-fated congress had taken place, he convoked the *Conseil Académique*, formed of the deans of the various academies and of some professors, submitted to them the police reports of Liege, and, at his suggestion, the Council pronounced the perpetual exclusion of the six students from the Academy of Paris.

What does this exclusion mean? It means that they will not be allowed to take their degrees, as all of them are medical students; it means that, after several years already spent in the hospitals of Paris, the title of doctor of medicine will never be granted to them by the Academy.

“Non dignus, non dignus est intrare
In nostro docto corpore.”

As the jurisdiction of the university is considered as a quasi-paternal one, as its authority professes to be simply substituted for the authority of the family (and under no other pretext could the university have extended its disciplinary power over acts committed outside of France), this decision has generally been thought very hard and tyrannical. All the students, who till it was promulgated had taken no interest in the orators of Liege, immediately espoused their cause. Their speeches were not known to the majority of them, and those who had heard of them mostly disapproved of their tone and their tendencies; but the ostracism of the Academical Council raised questions of a higher importance. It was known, besides, that M. Duruy, the minister, had only prosecuted the six students in order to ingratiate himself with the Empress Eugénie, who never liked him and who once turned her back upon him before all the other ministers. The students, therefore, of the Academy of Law as well as of the Academy of Medicine took in hand the cause of their comrades, and resolved that no lectures should take place as long as the decision of the Academical Council was maintained. The spirit of the revolutionary times once more visited the old Quartier Latin, changed as it is by M. Hausmann's streets and boulevards. The old type of the student is no more to be found there than the old houses, where hope and poverty lived gaily together, where the *grisette* (an extinct species also) shared the modest fare of the young *bacheliers* and learned from them the songs of Béranger. Béranger

is dead, the *grisette* a *passé l'eau* (has crossed the Seine) and has become a *lorette*, the student is now a *gandin* and wears the latest fashions. Still, something of the old spirit seems to be preserved in him. One after the other the learned doctors and jurists were obliged to retire before the good-humored but deafening noise of a thousand excited youths. This went on day after day till the Government became uneasy. A regiment of policemen was sent to the colleges, and a note appeared in the *Moniteur* announcing that, as some individuals *not belonging* to the academy had tried to foment trouble, each student must come to the lectures provided with his card. The young men were obliged to go to their lessons between two rows of policemen, one by one, and their card in hand. The noisiest were arrested, put in prison, and their last *inscriptions* were lost. (An *inscription* is the fee paid from time to time to the university; an examination can only take place after a certain number of *inscriptions* are paid.)

The students were not to be calmed by such proceedings, and became only more excited. An occasion was soon given to them. A new drama was to come out at the Théâtre Français, under the name of “Henriette Maréchal”; the authors are two brothers, MM. de Goncourt. Before the play was given to the public, they had read their drama in the salon of the Princess Mathilde and placed themselves, so to speak, under her patronage. This was quite sufficient for the students. On the morning of the first representation, small placards were fixed on the walls of the Quartier Latin inviting the students to go to the Théâtre Français in the evening. The placards were signed by this odd name: “Pipe en bois” (wooden pipe). “Pipe en bois” was obeyed. When the curtain rose, hissing began at once, and, to the horror of MM. de Goncourt, and of their august protectress, Princess Mathilde, who was seen in the Imperial box, the piece could not be played. The actors screamed in vain as sailors would in a tempest. The drama became a mere pantomime. For eight nights in succession the same demonstration took place, and the authors were finally obliged to withdraw their play.

Matters becoming serious, the professors of the two academies held a meeting, under the presidency of M. Tardieu, the dean of the Faculty of Medicine. M. Tardieu had made himself obnoxious to M. Duruy; for, though he could not hinder the policemen from abusing the students on the Place de l'Ecole de Médecine, he would not allow them to enter the lecture rooms. While the meeting of the professors was taking place, a despatch arrived from M. Duruy, “the meeting could not be held without the minister's authorization and must be at once dissolved.” Such was the substance of it. M. Tardieu read it to his colleagues, and proposed to continue the proceedings—a miniature of the famous *Serment du Jeu de Paume*. We doubt, however, if M. Tardieu looked as fierce as Mirabeau, when he exclaimed to the king's messenger: “Allez dire à votre Roi que nous sommes ici par la volonté du peuple, et que nous n'en sortirons que par la puissance des baïonnettes!” The other professors, at any rate, did not feel in themselves the spirit of Mirabeau; they quietly went home. M. Duruy, hearing of M. Tardieu's proposition, sent him a most impertinent letter, to which M. Tardieu simply answered by his resignation. Thus matters now stand. Of course a thousand young men cannot long check the most despotic government of Europe; order must be and will be restored by some means; the students cannot for ever do without lectures, without examinations, without degrees. We note these facts as symptoms, as signs of the times; without in the least, trying to exaggerate their importance.

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN JAMAICA.

If any proof were wanting that it was time for England, with the new year, to turn over a new leaf with Jamaica, the last West India mail supplied it. Enough facts had already transpired to strip the colonial government of even the poor defence of having acted under a panic. Perhaps one of the most striking indications of their madness was the introduction into the legislature of a bill of pains and penalties directed against all “dissenters,” and particularly suppressing all

forms of worship except those of the Anglican, Scotch, or Roman Catholic churches.

It is not surprising that Governor Eyre, in his address to the Assembly, declined to accuse by excusing himself. He found it much easier to congratulate them on the summary suppression of the "rebellion" than to state the extent of the conspiracy, the amount of resistance encountered by the military authorities, or the losses on either side. And when a member made bold to move for official returns of the persons killed by the rebels, the number of rebels tried by court-martial, with the result, and the number of those shot, hanged, flogged, or otherwise punished without trial, the Government party refused to vote the enquiry. It was even a condescension for the Governor to furnish some of his grounds for believing that the disaffection was not over, and that they were still on the eve of a general insurrection. Col. Whitfield—the only, and, it is to be inferred, the strongest authority that could be adduced—had observed and reported "men of sullen and dissatisfied looks riding about the country in all directions," and giving him the impression that they would like nothing better than to cut his throat if they could. It is the old story of the perversity of the negro race. There had been, in the events of the just preceding weeks, such capital incentives to mirth and hilarity, such irresistible provocation to relax every muscle with laughter, such reasons for devout satisfaction with their appointed lot, that a sour-faced black was very naturally regarded, first with positive amazement, and then with commendable suspicion. The pity is that the Governor and his backers were so selfishly disposed to have the fun all to themselves. In the smothered resolution of enquiry, what a chance for a new series of *contes drolatiques*! There was once, you know, a merry massacre in Jamaica—of humble origin, for it began in the stealing of threepence-worth of cocoa-nuts from a deserted plantation. For this the culprit was condemned to pay a fine of four shillings (to help establish the title to the estate), and costs amounting to twelve shillings and sixpence, or suffer thirty days' imprisonment. This judicial severity in a district from which an upright and humane magistrate had been jealously removed, excited a riotous interference on the part of the people of color, in which they lost as many lives as they took, not exceeding a dozen. Thereupon the Governor, declaring the outbreak a rebellion and proclaiming martial law, immediately despatched his forces to the disturbed locality, and did not recall them until three thousand (always retreating) blacks had been shot on the roads and in the woods, or hanged by drum-head court-martials, and an unknown number of both sexes flogged, including those executed, while some three hundred young women and girls were "catted." Of the soldiers and sailors engaged in these drolleries, not one, fortunately, received a scratch; and the Maroons, on their return, were the objects of every demonstration of gratitude and respect.

We can imagine nothing better calculated to breed a general insurrection, not confined to the blacks alone, than the régime of Governor Eyre since the close of "hostilities." There has been a gag on the minority in the Assembly, and a gag on public expression in words or through the press. No man dared speak his mind in opposition to what had happened, for fear of arbitrary arrest or proscription. Only in private letters home could any one venture to narrate the truth. "The publication," says such a correspondent, "of the notes taken at the trial of the late G. W. Gordon, with his defence, was strictly forbidden." But the authorities, not content with this terrorism, attempted, by radical measures, to secure for themselves a virtual monopoly of political power. At the suggestion of the Governor, bills were introduced empowering him to proclaim martial law at any time, by and with the advice of the Privy Council; to abolish the volunteer force and coerce its members into a permanent militia; to prevent rebellious proceedings, among which are reckoned "seditious articles" in the newspapers, for which the penalty, if conviction is had in any court appointed by the Governor, is hard labor for seven years in the penitentiary; and to regulate the places of religious worship, to which we have referred above. On the 7th of December Governor Eyre approved a bill to try by military tribunals certain offences committed under military law, and another amending the constitution in the interest of despotism, provided, however, in each case, that the Queen should add her consent. The latter bill, as first drafted, abolished the franchise for ever, and substituted for the Legis-

lative Council and House of Assembly a single Chamber, to consist of twenty-one members nominated by the Governor. Afterwards it was so modified as to allow one-half the representatives to be elected, with such qualifications of membership and suffrage as to disfranchise nineteen-twentieths of the population.

Sir Henry Stork now temporarily displaces Governor Eyre while instituting an enquiry into his conduct. He is to have as his assessors two London lawyers of character and distinction, and unless Governor Eyre has in reserve a large stock of justificatory evidence, which he has so far declined to produce, it is hard to see how the investigation can avoid ending in his removal. Whether anything more serious than removal will befall him will depend very much upon the relative strength of rival parties at the opening of Parliament. For the Jamaica affair, atrocious as it is, will doubtless, like the American war, be made a strictly party question, on the one side the Radicals and Dissenters, and on the other the Tories, High Church, and pro-slavery men. A vigorous effort will probably be made by Mr. Gordon's friends to have Governor Eyre, or at least the members of the court-martial, tried for murder. The trial was absolutely illegal upon every possible theory of gubernatorial power.

THE LATE AFFAIR AT SERINGAPATAM.

SPECULATION had long been rampant at Seringapatam. One class of wise men—Parsees—had predicted that business would decline and that prices would fall; but another class of wise men—Banians—had stuck to it that business would increase, the value of the currency decline, and prices advance. In no security had the contest between Parsee and Banian been so hotly waged as in the stock of the Bangalore and Bednore Railway—which, as everybody knows, is the leading speculative security of the Stock Exchange of Seringapatam.

The leading director of the Bangalore and Bednore Railway was Dhan Dhrahu, a Banian of vast wealth, strict probity, and so high religious repute that he might almost have become a Brahmin any day he chose, and many wondered why he adhered to the lower caste. Like Warwick, he preferred to be king-maker rather than king. He created and paid the chief Brahmins, but himself remained in the humble caste of Banians.

Now Dhan Dhrahu was a believer in an advance in prices—what we in New York should call a bull. He was especially a believer in an advance in the stock of the Bangalore and Bednore. So believing, he had been a large buyer of the stock; and finding that, notwithstanding all his purchases and all his vaticinations, it did not advance, but, on the contrary, when he stopped buying, tended downward, he resorted to various devices to make it do that which, according to the best of his judgment and belief, it ought, as a well-mannered stock, to have done of its own accord.

It seems that, on the Stock Exchange of Seringapatam, brokers are in the habit of borrowing stocks of each other, to be returned on demand. The venerable Dhan Dhrahu, as a large holder of Bangalore and Bednore, had lent stock in considerable quantities to the pestilent Parsees, who persisted in selling it short. Once, twice, thrice, he required sharply that this stock should be returned to him, and refused to re-lend it; so creating an unexpected demand for cash stock, and forcing up the price for the moment. But the effect was short-lived. As soon as the immediate demand was supplied, down fell the price. To realize his object new methods were necessary.

There happened to be in Seringapatam a firm of brokers who did business under the name of Banbox & Barriman—young and enterprising people, who had a fair credit and commanded a good capital. To these—who were Banians of his own caste, though by no means of as high standing as he in the Hindoo Church—went Dhan Dhrahu, and told them that the stock of the Bangalore and Bednore Railway was going up so fast that incalculable fortunes were to be made by buying it, and that the man who neglected to secure a quantity of it that day was a traitor to his family. To do them justice, Banbox & Barriman were disposed to take the same view of the matter, and were easy converts. Seeing them well-disposed, the veteran proposed to them to buy 6,000 shares of B. and B.; agreed to take one-fourth of the pur-

chase; and, almost in so many words, guaranteed a profit on the whole. Banbox & Barriman at once swallowed the bait.

They bought the 6,000 shares at pretty high prices. But they were not satisfied. Being enterprising men, and having a robust faith in the judgment of the veteran Dhan Dhrahu, they bought 5,000 more for their private pocket.

The veteran had told them that the stock was so scarce—having been bought up by shrewd capitalists at Seringapatam as an investment for their families—that they would find it very difficult indeed, and a matter of many days' work, to obtain so much as 6,000 shares.

Banbox & Barriman were agreeably disappointed in this particular. They not only got the 6,000 shares in a few minutes, but they likewise secured the 5,000 extra shares without the least difficulty.

When their brokers reported the purchase of 11,000 shares in an hour or two, and the price still remained steady, mild misgivings began to creep over the soul of Banbox.

He instituted on the following day a system of espionage, with a view to ascertain whence so much stock had come.

The veteran, according to his own statements, was a large buyer, not a seller. The Seringapatam capitalists, on the same authority, were investing their savings in the property. Who, then, in view of the advance which Dhan Dhrahu pronounced inevitable, had sold the 11,000 shares which Banbox & Barriman had bought?

In the Presidency of Madras, as every traveller in India is aware, a judicious person can obtain much valuable information by cultivating pleasant relations with the bank officers of the country. Our friend Banbox had established such relations, and now began to use them.

They soon informed him that the stock which he had bought was coming through various devious channels from his ally and adviser, Dhan Dhrahu, and that the money he was paying for said stock was going through the same crooked ways to the same Dhan Dhrahu. With this light it took but a few minutes to enable Banbox to realize the state of the case.

He grasped the situation. In ten minutes he had discovered his remedy. Of the 11,000 shares he had bought, 1,700 were yet to be delivered by one house and paid for by him, Banbox. Instantly ascertaining from his cashier his balance in bank, he drew it out in money. When the 1,700 shares came in he paid for them in a beautiful check, with the name of the firm chastely engraved thereon, and a signature affixed which was a marvel of calligraphy. Pocketing the 1,700 shares, he purchased a tooth-brush and a shirt-collar and took the boat for Pondicherry.

About the time he was departing, the venerable Dhan Dhrahu was informed by his brokers that a check for 162,500 rupees, drawn by Banbox & Barriman in payment for 1,700 Bangalore and Bednore, was so much waste paper. A messenger, despatched in haste to the office of Banbox & Barriman, brought back word that these gentlemen had gone to Pondicherry—possibly for some time.

In a fury the veteran appealed to the police, and his agent, a polished diplomatist, took command of the chase. He was not successful in discovering the signers of the check. But he soon met a man who was empowered to represent them.

"What is your pleasure, gentlemen?" said the man.

"We desire to arrest Messrs. B. & B. on a charge of swindling, obtaining stock on false pretenses."

"Gently, gentlemen, gently!" said the man. "Let us quite understand each other. You desire to arrest my principals. Very good. They will offer every facility. And I have no doubt these same efficient police-men will execute a warrant I hold in my hand for the arrest of your principal on a charge—let me see—yes—a charge of swindling—obtaining money on false pretences."

The practised diplomatist who represented the veteran Dhan Dhrahu was staggered.

"What do you mean, sir?" said he.

"Simply this, my dear sir. Our principals have both been victims of a sad mistake. You told us that Bangalore and Bednore was going up, and that if we bought we should make money. We bought; it did not go up; you prevented it going up, in fact; and so we did not realize our hopes. It was a mistake of yours. On the other hand, you delivered

us 1,700 shares of stock, and we gave you in payment a check which we said was good. You took it; the check was not good; we prevented it being good, in fact; and so you did not realize your hopes. It was a mistake of ours. The circumstances strike me as precisely parallel."

A moment's reflection satisfied the diplomatist that whatever the issue of a lawsuit might be, sound policy dictated a compromise. He asked what the enemy wanted.

"Oh! very little. We bought 11,000 shares, on your advice, at say 96½ per cent. The present price is 89. We are not covetous. Take our stock off our hands at 96½, and the check for 162,500 rupees will be paid."

It was simply a question whether it was better to lose 85,000 or 162,500 rupees, and the judicious diplomatist did not hesitate an instant. The bargain was closed on the terms offered.

Private letters from Seringapatam say that this is the first occasion on which the veteran Dhan Dhrahu has ever been fairly outwitted.

FREE FICTION.

WE lately took occasion to speak of the Boston Public Library in a manner which showed our high appreciation of its value. No more liberal or sagacious educational foundation exists, to our knowledge, in any other city in the United States, nor any, perhaps, of similar character, which does not equally share the defect we purpose now to remark upon. Borrowing recently a catalogue of the popular department of this library from a young woman to whom it belonged, we found that she had noted for her own reading every book of prose fiction contained in the collection. She had not been at all squeamish, for her signature ranged from "Tristram Shandy" to "Celebs in Search of a Wife;" from "The Decameron" to "Mrs. Opie's Illustrations of Lying." She had marked, even, "The Manikins" of Mr. Cooper, although, being human, it is safe to affirm that she never has read it, and that she never will read it, except under press of a famine of fiction which the liberality of the trustees of the Boston Public Library will not allow us to anticipate. We thought, as our eyes ran down the attractive columns, in which the story-tellers dominated over the sages, of the distresses of our grandmother, trembling at midnight at "The Horrors of Oakendale Abbey," or furtively devouring "Clarissa Harlowe" in a corner. What would she have said if statutes had been enacted, if stately buildings had been erected, if dying men had made testamentary provision, if librarians had been appointed, that she might have more novels than she could read, with the privilege of reading as many as possible, under sanction of the municipal authorities? Such a license, if it had not at once destroyed, would certainly have moderated, her appetite; and it is really a matter of congratulation that in Puritan Boston novels are no longer in the category of prohibited enjoyments. For the most rigid supervision never was effective, and girls were no more to be kept from romance reading than from chalk and charcoal. The supply of trash was endless, and the appetite of Angelina unfailling. The staples of the Minerva Press were monotonously alike, but they never wearied; the loves, the murders, and the apparitions were always relishing. Those who would appreciate the utter worthlessness of this class of books must study the catalogues of the circulating libraries sixty or seventy years ago. It is hard to believe that these forlorn and forgotten volumes, constructed upon one bad pattern, and each the sighing echo of the other, stuffed full of maudlin sentiment and all the frivolities of artificial coquetry, were once in as high fashion as "The Newcomes" are now, were welcomed with a like trembling eagerness, and read with a similar avidity. But how should they escape oblivion when it is sure to overtake and cover up works of genuine merit? Who reads "Zeluco" or "The Man of Feeling" now? or the novels of Robert Bage? of Sophia and Harriet Lee? of William Godwin? of Thomas Holcroft? of Mrs. Brunton? of Lady Morgan? of Lady Blessington? What a noise Maturin made fifty years ago, and where is Maturin now? or Monk Lewis? or Beckford? or Miss Ferriar? There are old-fashioned people who still swear by Sir Walter Scott; but ten readers seek "The Caxtons" for one who calls ever for "The Antiquary;" and "Jane Eyre," a very clever but a very crude book, is exalted above the admirable stories of Maria Edgeworth. We sneer at the romantic nonsense of the last age, but will our children hold us in any higher esteem when they learn that we bought and read twenty editions of Miss Braddon's novels? that Ainsworth and Bulwer and James were eminently popular? that Dickens was esteemed (especially by the ladies) above Thackeray?

The value of lending-libraries, if we may indulge in a truism, depends very much upon the quality of the books which are lent. Reading is unquestionably a refined amusement, but it seems to us that the object of a great free library is not to furnish gratuitous amusement merely. It is hardly worth while, however innocent novel-reading may be, to take it under public patronage, and to furnish it to eager school-girls as bread is furnished by charitable associations to the poor. We have no other statistics to guide us except those which this catalogue affords, but it is a little discouraging to examine its pages and to find upon the very first leaf twenty volumes of history by Rev. Jacob Abbott and eight volumes of history by Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, since these are fictions concerning the immoral influence of which there can be no dispute. We take it for granted, when those who are charged with the purchase of books for this and similar institutions think it necessary to furnish so much of what is absurdly called light literature, that there must be a demand for it; and the librarian's records would show, we suspect, if they were examined, that this demand is as constant as, it appears to us, it must be unhealthy. The leading idea of those who manage these institutions seems to be that any reading is better than no reading at all—an axiom at once false and full of mischief. A knowledge of the alphabet is desirable, but there are books so utterly abominable that it would be better for a young person to remain incapable of distinguishing one letter from another if, through his ignorance alone, he might escape their perusal. Those who affirm that nobody is made the worse by reading must be prepared to maintain the converse, and to show that nobody is made better—a proposition which, if it were once established, would be fatal to all libraries whatsoever. The Boston Public Library has a complete set of the works of Sir Bulwer Lytton. It lends to school-boys and to school-girls such books as "Pelham," "Alice," "Eugene Aram," and "Lucretia." Of the first named it has four different editions to supply the demand: of the second, three; of the third, five; and of the fourth, three. Because these books do not damage those of adult age who can make a shift to read them, it does not follow that they are precisely the pabulum for young and growing natures. The false taste which they must engender is bad enough, but what is it to the bad morality which they inculcate? Compared with Fielding and Smollett they are as absinthe compared with some natural and generous wine. Read at an age when the taste is unformed, when the passions are just developing, when the will is feeble, principles are unfixed, and resistance to temptation is difficult, if they do not utterly spoil the inquisitive minds which are attracted by their glittering mediocrity, it will be because nature is stronger than education, and original vigor more than a match for enfeebling moral influences. Yet these books are furnished at the public expense by the city of Boston to its youth! The library has one edition of the works of Dr. Channing, and three or four different editions of the works of Bulwer. Are we to take it for granted that this provision is made according to the laws of supply and demand?

It will not do to undervalue works of fiction. Perhaps the poorest of them, if they are not absolutely vicious, have their uses; an extremely bad novel may be as entertaining as a good one. The author of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" thought nothing would be finer than to be stretched all day upon a sofa reading eternal romances by Crebillon. Charles James Fox was an inveterate novel-reader, and so was Dr. Parr. Chief-Justice Marshall was wont to read such books upon the bench while the young lawyers were making their arguments. "I like Mr. James's stories," we once heard Mr. Thackeray say at a dinner-table, "especially when I am getting up from an illness." But while we can well enough understand the weariness which seeks in such perusal a pastime, a relaxation, or an anodyne, we confess that there is to us something wonderful in the appetite which, leechlike, still cries Give, and in the gluttonous passion for new stories which all Mr. Mudie's library fails to satiate. Granted an intellect only tolerably robust, we do not understand why routine should not weary it; why the ceaseless narrative of one single human passion, not subordinated as in Shakespeare to the facts of life, but dominant and out of all proportion to reality, should not tire; why a succession of almost identical tales, making the name of novel a misnomer, should not drive the consumer to the mathematics of Newton or the philosophy of Kant, to books which charm by their incomprehensibility or, at least, pique the mind to something like muscular exertion. Gin-drinking is a ruinous custom, but gin stimulates; opium-eating is very wrong, but opium gilds the dreams of its votaries and dulls the tooth of pain; there are fifty bad habits which provoke pleasure, mental or physical, but the hunger which nothing but novel-reading will satisfy, which is not palled by gratification, which feeds as keenly upon the thousandth romance as upon the first, can hardly be called a taste, is scarcely respectable enough to be termed an intellectual pleasure, and may be fairly set down as one of those minor manifestations of the second nature which

sometimes exhibits itself in taking snuff, sometimes in the retailing of gossip, and sometimes in a morbid affection for cats and canaries.

The acquisition of a private collection of books, however small, is usually creditable to the collector, for it rarely happens, even when his resources are unlimited, that anybody makes a large private collection of novels. The circulating or public library is often, though not always, the resource of those who care to spend little or no money upon these mental pleasures. A young man who is willing to pinch in other expenditures for the sake of being the owner of a few books, generally selects good ones. There are certain standard volumes which he is ashamed to be without, and he buys these not to be once carelessly run through, but that he may again and again read and refer to them. He becomes a master of their contents, familiar with their pages, and attached to their physiognomy; he makes them perhaps more valuable by annotation; and as one cherished book makes necessary another, he indulges in small but well-considered additions to his stock. Such a collector knows better the worth of books than any bibliomaniac who ever screamed at a sale or bent over a Nassau Street stall. His little treasury of knowledge represents his self-denial, his disregard of coarser pleasures, his cultivation of purer tastes, and his mental prudence and provision. His shelves, few and narrow, are dearer to him than the widest public alcoves. His books were not brought to his door, they were not thrust upon him by municipal authority, they were not borrowed to be speedily returned, they are his beloved companions, in sickness his consolers, in doubt his assurers, and, as his mentors and helpers, they will be vigilantly cherished until he shall read no more. It was thus that Franklin bought books and kept them. The mention of that venerable name reminds us that he too was the founder of a public library. Whether he would have thought money for supplying the rising generation with unlimited romances a judicious device, we leave those acquainted with his solid character to decide.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XXVII.

MACON, Ga., January 12, 1866.

WHILE staying in Atlanta I heard a strange story, which, perhaps, should not be related in a correspondence professing to give only undoubted facts, for in repeating it I give currency to a report which, indeed, seemed to me probable, but which I am not in a position to prove. If, however, the business to which the report refers is not actually in existence, it would be so easy to establish it, and at the same time secrecy would be so necessary for its establishment, that I may be excused if I give publicity to what I heard.

Since August last, my informant stated, a traffic in negroes has been carried on between several points on the Southern coast and the island of Cuba. The negroes are hired as if to work at lumbering in Florida and Georgia, or, in fact, for work of any kind in any place so distant as to furnish a pretext for taking them on board a vessel, and then they are at once run over to Cuba, where purchasers are readily found. The negroes cost little or nothing, and the business is exceedingly remunerative.

A steamer is spoken of which was partly freighted in Augusta, and made the trip only three weeks ago, and it is said that more than one party in Charleston have made very profitable ventures. Their secret having become known, certain other persons were desirous of embarking in the same enterprise, and it was from some of the efforts of these latter to obtain the requisite capital for their purpose that the facts which I give transpired and became known to me.

In my last letter I spoke of the charge which is brought against the Southern people of being hostile to the settlement of Northern business men among them, and gave it as my own conclusion, from what I had seen and heard, that this hostility did exist to such a degree as that the immigrant, unless he was willing to be cut off from all agreeable intercourse with the people among whom he lived, would be compelled to restrict his accustomed freedom of speech and action and defer to the social and political theories and opinions of his neighbors. Since arriving at Macon, I have heard the particulars of two or three cases which appear to show that in some communities even the acceptance of such conditions as these is not enough to disarm the ill-will of the native population.

Major R., of the 187th Ohio Volunteers, and Captain C., of the same regiment, not long ago secured a three years' lease of two plantations situated in Stewart County, and owned by a Mr. W. They intended to cultivate cotton, and, having purchased all the requisite implements and a sufficient number of mules to stock both places, they sent down forty negroes to live

on one of them, while they themselves remained in Macon and awaited the mustering out of their regiment. This event, however, not taking place so soon as was expected, Captain C. went down into the country to perfect his arrangements for planting, and, very much to his surprise, was met by his landlord with a proposal that he and his partner should withdraw from the further prosecution of their enterprise, inasmuch as persisting would bring trouble upon all concerned in it. The neighbors, he was told, had given Mr. W. to understand that no Yankee should be suffered to live in that country; that if he rented land to those two Yankees his tenants should not live to harvest their crops, and his own house should be burned over his head. Out of consideration, therefore, for him and his property, if not for their own safety, he begged them not to disregard these threats, which were made by men who would carry them out, but to abandon their project. If they came down he would be exposed to constant losses and danger, and if they did not lose their lives, their operations would be interfered with in every conceivable way. He would take all the tools and animals off their hands and buy back the lease, or, at any rate, one year of it. Perhaps at the end of a year the feeling against Northern men would not be so strong. These proposals were agreed to, and the captain and his friend have given up all intention of planting in Georgia, and propose to invest their money in some Northern State. Another gentleman who, during the past summer, administered a military office which brought him into contact with very many people and gave him opportunities for conferring obligations upon all of them, said that when a few months since he left the service and went North, he flattered himself with the idea that he had a great many warm friends in Georgia, and was exceedingly popular throughout the district in which he had been on duty. He decided to return, therefore, and establish himself in business in one of the most flourishing towns in the State. He had an intelligent partner, and both members of the new firm worked hard and paid close attention to business, without, however, reaping any adequate reward for their exertions. By-and-bye he learned, through the detectives employed by the district commander, that there were several persons who entertained the intention of killing him as soon as an opportunity presented itself. He became aware, also, that it was commonly said in the town that he should not sell goods there or grow rich on Southern money. He could see nothing better to do than to sell out his share in the business to his partner, who was a Southerner, and the store is now, he tells me, quite liberally patronized. To the recital of these facts he adds the remark: "This country won't be any place for Yankees or niggers when the troops are mustered out. When the military goes, I'm going too."

The knowledge that such a state of feeling exists, coupled with the belief that there is no good reason for its existence, gives rise to a corresponding hostility on the part of those who are its objects. The other day I heard several officers talking upon this subject, and one who spoke as follows was applauded by the company: "My heart never was in this war all the time that I was fighting. I never hated a Johnny, you know, and I guess all our fellows felt the same way. But, by Jupiter, I wish now that they'd leave off singing the 'Bonnie Blue Flag' and damning us poor devils that have to stay down here in their God-forsaken country, and try pitching in again. I want 'em to get up another war, you know, and then I want a cavalry command. Won't I raid through Georgia! There sha'n't be anything left behind me. I'll destroy every house and barn and plantation. The voice of song shall cease; there won't be anything left to feed the little birds, you know, and they'll all die, except the buzzards. Every buzzard shall be filled. No; but, confound 'em, I mean if they have another war I'm going to go for 'em with a will."

The condition of the freedmen in the country around Macon, so far as I could learn from the Sub-Asst. Commissioner of the Bureau, is exceedingly satisfactory. This officer has his headquarters in Macon, and the district over which he presides embraces thirty-four counties. In each county he has three subordinates, who were appointed from among the citizens on the recommendation of the delegates to the Constitutional Convention, and many of the delegates having been willing themselves to accept the government of the freedmen in their own neighborhood, the office was, in many instances, conferred upon them. They receive no salary, but in all cases which are tried before them they are allowed to retain such fees as are customary in justices' courts. The Bureau, I was informed, contrary to the character which it generally bears, is quite a popular institution in the Military District of Columbus.

The negroes are quiet and well-behaved, and conducted themselves admirably during the holidays, not a single complaint having been made against them. The white people were very apprehensive of a rising of the freedmen, and in some places the militia picketed the roads and patrolled the country in all directions. During the last week of 1865 three negroes

were killed, and, of course, a great many outrages of less consequence were committed. The murderers of one negro had not been arrested, but those of the other two were caught, and were now awaiting trial before a military commission. The power of the Sub-Asst. Commissioner extends no further than to impose a fine of \$150 or a term of three months' imprisonment.

From General Dawson, who is in command of the sub-district, I learned further particulars of the picketing above mentioned. The United States officers in Georgia refuse, I believe, to supply the State militia with arms, call on them for no assistance, and hardly recognize that they exist. In Monroe County, contrary to the proclamation of the provisional governor, the citizens formed not one but two or three companies of volunteers. Then they requested the withdrawal of the federal troops, and the request was complied with, the garrison being withdrawn a fortnight before Christmas. During Christmas week the difficulties between the militiamen and the freedmen began. Negroes were stopped on the roads, which were all patrolled or picketed; some of them were beaten, all were searched and compelled to give an account of themselves, and one was killed. The general has seven men who are charged with the murder under bonds of two thousand dollars each, and the evidence against two of them is so strong that he expects to secure their conviction before the civil court of the county, and, at any rate, intends that they shall be tried there rather than before a military commission. He wishes to establish a precedent for the conviction of a white man for murder by the testimony of negro witnesses. The battalion of militia in Monroe County has been disbanded, and the citizens have been threatened with the establishment among them of a garrison of colored troops.

General Dawson, as well as some of the gentlemen mentioned above as having suffered from the hatred of the Southern men toward their Northern countrymen, unite in saying that the persons who disgrace themselves and the community to which they belong by outrageous acts and words are but a minority of the Southern people, and that the men of wealth and social standing, and, in general, the elderly men, as distinguished from the young men and the women, are well disposed towards the United States Government. He deprecated the complete removal of the United States troops from the country, and thought the process of mustering out had already gone too far.

The negroes, I was told, are very generally entering into contracts with the planters, and it is thought that almost all will have found employers before the 1st of February. All negroes who at that time shall be unemployed and not willing to make contracts, it is the intention of the Commissioner to arrest and treat as vagrants. The demand for labor is greater than the supply, and the Commissioner has frequent calls made upon him for able-bodied men to go to other States and to other parts of Georgia. With these calls, however, he does not comply, being unwilling to drain off all the young and strong men, and leave in his district a disproportionate number of women, children, and aged persons. By a recent order of General Tillson, the compensation for the labor of a full hand is fixed at \$12 a month, food, and proper medical attendance. This order creates much dissatisfaction among the planters, as they had previously been hiring laborers for food, medicine, and \$10 a month. I believe the soil in this part of Georgia is not very productive, and that a planter thinks he does well if he gets a bale of cotton of five hundred pounds weight from three acres of land.

An Alabama planter with whom I conversed upon the prospective profits of cotton planting, informed me that in his neighborhood a negro on a plantation, properly supplied with mules, was in old times expected to cultivate fifteen acres of cotton land, and would now be expected to take care of ten acres. The planter in this part of Georgia may, therefore, calculate on something like 1,600 lbs. of cotton from each full hand, the money value of which will probably be not less than \$400. As corn is worth \$1.50 per bushel and bacon is worth \$35 per cwt., the food of each laborer who receives his full allowance of 13 bushels of corn and 200 lbs. of meat would cost \$89.50. His wages being added to this amount makes the total year's cost of the laborer \$233.50, and the employer's profit on his labor in an ordinary year may be set at \$166.

COLUMBUS, Ga., Jan. 17.

In the journey by rail from Macon to Columbus there is little to interest one who has previously travelled for any considerable distance in the South. All along the road is the familiar scene of their desolate-looking forest, with now and then a way-station with its dozen or so of loungers and its negro women selling cakes; and now and then a watering tank and a wood-pile, where usually the passengers walk about a little, examine the engine, look back at the long, undulating line of the track, and wonder, perhaps, that such rails have been able to bear the train safely thus far. Inside the cars also the scene is familiar—here and there a uniform, grey or blue; one or two

families, man, wife, and children, who seem to be seeking a new home, or, more likely, returning to an old one which is safe now that the war is done and the husband is out of the army; a few Northerners and many men unmistakably Southern in manner and language.

The conversation, which may be heard by snatches, is on various topics, the two chief being the war and its experiences and the negro. I very seldom hear anything said now about colonization, and the race is less frequently pronounced worthless; but the prospects of making cotton by free labor are often discussed, and one man gives another details of his farming plans for the coming season, and tells of the operations of the Freedmen's Bureau, an institution which commonly is severely denounced, though once in a while a man commends its action in his particular case. I hear President Johnson praised at the expense of the radicals in Congress, and not unfrequently Maximilian is mentioned. I judge it to be the prevailing opinion in this part of the country that the United States should let him alone. "When Kirby Smith broke up, you know," I heard a young man say yesterday, "we met one o' them Juarez colonels and he offered captains' commissions to Tom and me if we'd go into his regiment. 'Not much,' I told him; 'I'd been whipped once, and I did n't want to be again.' No, sir; if I was going into that fight I'd go in on the other side. Did n't tell him that, you know, but that's what I'd do."

While riding on this train I noticed, also, one or two illustrations of the fact that the women of the South are outspoken in their dislike of the federal soldiers. Just in front of me were two young ladies, and, as the cars stopped at a little village, we saw two men on crutches. On the platform were also some of the garrison. "It makes my heart ache," murmured one of the ladies, "to see our poor wounded Confederates. And look at those creatures in blue mixing with them!" Not long afterwards these ladies left the cars and their places were occupied by three others of less pleasing appearance, whose voices could be heard even above the noise of the wheels. Two soldiers sat in a seat across the aisle, and were compelled to hear much loud talk about "the miserable Yanks" who had stolen the corn and meat of such a person, or who were the probable destroyers of this or that building by the roadside "when they made one of their brave raids." Officers on duty in this city tell me that some of the women still carefully gather up the folds of their dresses when they approach a man in the federal uniform, and prefer crossing the street to walking under the national flag. Manifestations of the same feeling have fallen under my observation at Liberty, Lynchburg, and Danville, in Virginia; at Raleigh and Salisbury, North Carolina; at Charleston, South Carolina, and at three cities in Georgia. The most amusing instance occurred in Lynchburg. A lady called from an upper window to a little girl on the sidewalk: "Julia, come in this minute, child. That Yankee will rub against you if you stay there." The Yankee referred to was a soldier, a dull-looking fellow, who appeared confounded at this attack upon him. He quickly recovered himself, however, and, turning his face towards the chamber window, addressed the little girl, who was obeying her mother with alacrity: "Yaas, go 'long in, you skinny little thing! Do n't rub against the Yankee. I guess your father tried it on down at Petersburg, and he did n't like it, you know."

Columbus is about a hundred miles from Macon, and the journey was made in nine tedious hours. The town is built on flat land, and is a pretty place, with many trees, and like Augusta in the great width of its thoroughfares. These are not in the best order; but that is a matter of small consequence, for each driver has a broad expanse of roadway from which he may choose a path. Cows and pigs wander up and down in them without molestation. One of the pigs I praised as I was standing in a shop on Broad Street. "Yes," said the shopman, who was a small dealer in groceries, and an Irishman, "'t is a fine hog, and ye may be sure it's a nigger's. One o' them would ha' knocked it on the head if 't was a white man's was runnin' the street like that." Then he went on to lament the changed times and customs. The niggers was above work now and was all for living like gentlemen and ladies. Every one o' them in Columbus had seven or eight other ones living about him and stealing for him. When they was slaves they all had plenty o' money, and eating and drinking to their hearts' content, and now they had nothing, and would n't work to earn. It would be a fine day when the Yankees should be off about their business, and the people left to manage their own niggers themselves. Then they'd be brought to their senses. When one o' them runs away from his lawful work, then a man 'll just take his pistol in his hand, and get on his horse, and, faith, if the nigger won't come back with that, he'll be welcome to stay where he's left. It was nothing but the Yankees made them so much above themselves.

Like the other large towns of Georgia, Columbus wears an appearance of more prosperity than is seen in other Southern cities, and seems to be a busy place, its show of activity being perhaps partly due to the large number of

idle people in the streets. The Chattahoochee, a reddish stream of considerable size, whose further shore is in Alabama, runs close by the town, and adds much to its beauty. The weather during my stay has been charmingly mild and soft; many of the trees are green, the flowers are in blossom in the gardens, it is so warm, and under my open windows the children are playing barefooted.

I find that the freedmen and the farmers in this part of Georgia are now busily preparing for the work of the coming season. Since the 1st of January the officers of the Freedmen's Bureau have recorded in their books ninety-nine contracts, the great majority of which were entered into by the plantation negroes with their employers, and each day several new ones are brought in for approval. In the month of December six contracts were put on record. The branch of the Bureau here established has charge of three counties, Chattahoochee, Muscogee, and Talbot, and it is by citizens of this district that nearly all these contracts have been made, although a few of them made in other counties, and a few made by parties living across the river, in Alabama, have, for convenience sake, been recorded at the office in Columbus.

The amount of compensation given the laborer is very variable. I was told that the order issued by General Tillson, fixing the minimum rate of wages at \$12 a month for a full hand, had never been enforced here, and, indeed, that it had never been heard of. Most of the negroes, therefore, have been hired for less than that, though I am informed that now \$14 per month is offered. By permission I copied from the books some of the contracts which have received approval:

"This contract, entered into on this 26th day of December, between David J. Shipp of the one part, and the freedmen hereinafter named of the other part, witnesseth that the said freedmen contract to remain on the plantation of the said Shipp during the year 1866, and perform such reasonable labor of any kind as he or his agent may require of them; their whole time to be employed by said Shipp, and they to accept for their services such compensation as is hereinafter annexed to their names, in addition to the usual allowance of shelter, food, clothing, and medicine given to field-hands, except that Silas, Maria, and Billy Shipp and Joseph Jones are to pay for their clothing and food furnished by said Shipp out of their hereinafter named compensation.

"Said freedmen are to be obedient, honest, and faithful, and shall remain in the employment of the said Shipp until the expiration of the contract, when they are to receive the full amount of wages due them. But should they prove disobedient, faithless, and dishonest, or leave their employment, they shall be dismissed from service and forfeit whatever wages may be deducted by the proper authority.

"In case of illness requiring the attendance of a physician, the employer will hold himself responsible for the bills, and deduct the amount from the wages of those for whose benefit they may have been made, also making a deduction for the time lost in sickness. The said Shipp binds himself to comply faithfully with his portion of the contract, and to treat his employees with humanity and justice, and protect them in all their rights of person and property so far as is in his power.

"George Bernell, \$60; Georgianna, \$40; Little Rick Shipp, \$50; Dock Shipp, \$60; Rick Shipp, \$60; Amy Totman, \$40; Sally Totman, \$40; Tilda Shipp, food and clothing; Silas Shipp, one-third of the produce of twenty acres of land; Maria Shipp, do.; Billy Shipp, do.; Joseph Jones, do. and \$40."

Another contract, which I copied, was the following:

"COLUMBUS, Ga., Jan. 2, 1866.

"Contract and agreement entered into between R. A. Martin, of the first part, and Kendle Souther, freedman, for himself and family, of the second part. The second part agrees to labor faithfully for the first part, and to obey all orders given by the same, and to be responsible for all property entrusted to his care; the first part promises to furnish him with a house to live in so long as he may be in his employment, and to pay him \$135 and board for them that labors, and sell him provisions at the market price for them that do n't work, and nothing more. In witness whereof we have set our hands and signatures.

"R. A. MARTIN,

his
"KENDLE SOUTHER."

mark

"Approved.

In the majority of the contracts which I examined, the planter binds himself to pay the laborer for one year's work \$120 and his board. In the printed forms for contracts which are now used in this office at Columbus, it is provided that "for neglect of duty—or other misdemeanor—or any question of doubt arising, the same to be referred to the nearest officer or agent of the Bureau or justice of the peace."

I found five instances in which negroes had leased land. In one case a third of all the produce was to be given to the owner as rent; in another, one-fifth; in another, where forty acres of land were rented, the lessees were to pay \$250 and 48 bushels of meal; in another, one-half of the crops was to be paid, and in this case the negro seems to have been considered a farmer of some skill and character. The agreement reads as follows:

"STATE OF GEORGIA, Muscogee Co.

"An agreement entered into this 7th day of December between D. W. Urquhart, proprietor, on one part, and a freedman, Thornton Allen, on the other part, witnesseth that the said Urquhart covenants and agrees to furnish the said Thornton Allen a house and lands, to wit: The Joe Diamond place, with 140 acres, more or less, of land for cultivation; and, furthermore, to furnish the said Thornton Allen \$500 worth of provisions and two mules to assist in cultivating said land. And the said Thornton agrees on his part to well and faithfully cultivate said land, and put not less than 60 acres in cotton, and all the balance in corn and other grain and suitable crops of sweet-potatoes and melons, to put the orchard and vineyard in proper trim and cultivation, and that he, the said Thornton, will faithfully market the products of said orchard, vineyard, melons, and potatoes, and freely and honestly pay over to said Urquhart the one-half of the products of lands so cultivated and the products so marketed, and pay the one-half of the corn and cotton on lands so cultivated into the store of the said Urquhart."

There was one record of an indenture of apprenticeship. A boy of seven years old had been bound out by his mother for fourteen years, the master agreeing "to provide for all his temporal wants and learn him to read and write if he will take it, and at twenty-one give him a suit of clothes."

The officer of the Bureau in Columbus, who is very soon to be mustered out of the service, is decidedly of opinion that a large majority of the planters will be kind and just towards their laborers, and that his successor will have but little difficulty in his dealings with those two classes of persons. He congratulates himself, however, that he is relieved from duty before the militia is allowed to take the place of the United States troops. The withdrawal of the federal troops he considers equivalent to the withdrawal of the Bureau.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, 6th January.

EVERY day diminishes the few that still remain before the opening of the new Parliament, and yet nothing indicates the probability of any vigorous political action on its re-assembling. The Ministry still remains incomplete. For the last three months we have got on "indifferently well" without a President of the Council; and I suppose if we were never to have another again, the world would go on pretty much the same. Such a heresy, however, as this is one which a Whig Premier would be the last to entertain; and, practically, the vacant post is not filled up because the requisite occupant cannot be found. Earl Russell is well aware of the weakness of his cabinet, and wants to get assistance which will strengthen without eclipsing him. Overtures were made to Lord Stanley, though without success, and since this ineffectual attempt to form a coalition between the moderate Whigs and the still more moderate Conservatives, Earl Russell has turned his attention to the advanced Liberals and has formed a sort of quasi-ministerial alliance with Mr. Bright. The truth is, that the men whom the Premier would like to have as his colleagues hang back till he has declared his programme of reform. Many are afraid it will prove too liberal; a few that it will not prove liberal enough. Moreover, the antagonism between the Palmerstonians and anti-Palmerstonians in the present cabinet is already making itself manifest. It is reported that the Premier wished to offer Mr. Stansfeld a post in the Ministry. This gentleman, as you may perhaps remember, was driven out of the late cabinet in consequence of his close connection with Mazzini, and his supposed complicity in some anti-Napoleonic conspiracy instigated by the great Italian agitator. On the offer becoming known, Lord Clarendon declared, it is said, that he should resign his office of Foreign Minister if it was not withdrawn, as the re-appointment of Mr. Stansfeld would throw difficulties in the way of our friendly relations with the French Government, and in consequence Earl Russell had to withdraw the offer. But the incident shows the want of harmony between the members of the Russell-Gladstone administration. This want of harmony will, I have no doubt, become conspicuous if ever a Reform bill is seriously introduced as a cabinet measure. The old Whigs, as a body, are opposed to any extension of the suffrage that is likely to materially alter the distribution of political power; and any measure of reform calculated to satisfy Mr. Bright will most assuredly cause a split in the ministerial ranks.

My own suspicion is that the Ministry have not really made up their minds what they are going to propose; they are waiting to see which way the wind blows—and as yet there is no sign of wind from any quarter of the political sky. Mr. Bright, however, either conceives that Earl Russell has decided on his programme, or else, as I rather incline to think, he assumes that the programme is determined in order to force the hands of the Ministry. For the last few weeks he has "taken the stamp" upon reform, and has delivered a series of brilliant orations in favor of a scheme which he intimates has been adopted by the Ministry. This scheme leaves the arrangement of the seats just where it is now, leaves the ballot an open question, and re-

duces the borough franchise to a five-pound, and the county franchise to a ten-pound, rental. Now, if this proposal should be made law, a million of voters would be added to the million and a half of which our electoral body is now composed. Personally, I should be glad if such a bill could be passed; in the first place, because I think we have no right to exclude anybody from the suffrage; in the second place, because it would give a more democratic character to our system of government. But, putting personal wishes aside, I can see little prospect of any proposal of this kind being really carried through Parliament. The Tories would oppose it energetically; the Whigs would support it languidly, and counteract it privately; and a large section of the genuine Liberals would throw in their influence against it. There is no good in disguising the fact that the reform would alter the whole character of our constituencies. The million of new voters would be taken exclusively from the operative and mechanic class, and thus the election of members would be thrown into the hands of the hitherto unrepresented masses. This is a consummation at which a large section of our English Liberals stand aghast. Even so genuinely liberal a paper as the *Spectator* is never tired of protesting against the peril of swamping the educated classes. John Stuart Mill himself is an advocate of some scheme like Mr. Hare's, by which working-men should have a certain number of votes, but yet the ruling power should still be retained in the hands which exercise it at present. My own view, that a country should be ruled according to the wishes and interests of the majority, and that, as the working-men form the vast majority of English men, they ought to have the upper hand in government, is one which, I own, finds favor with very few Liberals of the class to which I belong. Under these circumstances, I cannot think that any Reform bill which could add a million of working-men to the constituencies can possibly be carried, except under the pressure of intense popular excitement, and as yet there is no indication of any popular agitation whatever.

It is, I think, to the credit of the nation that—as I stated in a former letter—the excitement created by the Jamaica massacre should have superseded for the time the interest in the question of reform. Though for the moment the agitation has been pacified by the appointment of the commission of enquiry, yet the suspension of outcry is, I think, only a temporary one; and a singularly foolish speech of Mr. Cardwell, declaring that the Government had no intention of inflicting any slur on Governor Eyre's character by an investigation into his conduct, has created a demonstration of feeling in the country which showed that the popular sentiment on this topic cannot safely be trifled with. On Monday the two fellow-commissioners of General Storks—Mr. Russell Gurney, the Recorder of London, and Mr. Maule, the Recorder of Leeds—sailed for Jamaica. Their appointment on the whole, has given satisfaction. They are both men of high character and of considerable reputation for ability and fairness in the discharge of their official duties. Very great difficulty was experienced in getting men to serve on the commission. All men who had expressed, or were known to entertain, opinions on the subject, were considered disqualified from acting as investigators; and to men who took no especial interest in the subject one way or other, a more ungrateful task could hardly be offered than that of conducting a Jamaica enquiry. If they espouse the side either of the planters or the negroes, they will give deadly offence to one of two very powerful interests in England, and will be bitterly abused by their respective organs in the English press. If they side with neither, and try to take an impartial view, they will, unquestionably, be abused by both parties. I am not over-sanguine of the success of the commission. The Government is trying to perform an impossible task—to satisfy the demands of those who call for justice in respect of these Jamaica outrages, and yet to avoid offending the governing classes, who sympathize with Eyre. Between two stools they will, probably, fall to the ground. Meanwhile a legal difficulty has already been suggested. It seems the crown has no power to issue a commission without the consent of the legislature of the island; and, therefore, if the planter parliament should think fit to resent the slight upon their conduct conveyed by the mere appointment of such a commission, it is not clear what the gentlemen sent out will be able to do. However, I am afraid the planters are hardly likely to be so infatuated as to throw open difficulties in the way of the enquiry. My fear is that they will endeavor to gain their cause by apparent frankness. The first principle the commissioners ought to lay down—as a friend of mine who had lived long amidst a subject race said to me the other day—is that pleasant-spoken, courteous gentlemen, who seem the very soul of honor, will lie, on such questions as are under investigation in Jamaica, like any pickpockets; and this is exactly what, from my knowledge of the commissioners, I fear they are not likely to appreciate.

Then, too, I should say that the prevalence of the Rinderpest rendered the season an inauspicious one for the successful introduction of a reform bill.

In the counties, people are too much absorbed in devising means for checking the progress of this murrain to think much about politics. Last week there were nearly eight thousand cases of malady, as against a little over six thousand to the preceding one. As all cattle affected had to be killed, the week's loss to the owners and breeders of stock cannot, at a low average, be reckoned less than a hundred thousand pounds. The country, at last, is really becoming frightened about the pestilence; and, under the influence of panic, the most drastic remedies are being adopted. In Northamptonshire, for instance, regulations have been issued by the county magistrates, absolutely precluding the removal of cattle from one field to another, and forbidding their being even driven to the butchers for immediate slaughter. If other counties follow this example, the sale of beeves and stock will be almost suspended. The butcher will have to go and kill his meat on the farmer's premises; and the consequence will be an enormous increase in the cost of meat, and, in consequence, in its market price. How far these remedies are likely to prove effectual I greatly doubt. London cannot live without meat; and so long as the markets are held, as they must be, in the metropolis, the cattle disease must be propagated by contact. Moreover, according to the theory of which Professor Gamgee is the exponent, the mode in which the infection is conveyed is so subtle as almost to preclude detection. It is seriously alleged that the contagion is carried by foxes from one farm to another, though they themselves are not affected by the disease. And in order to remedy this danger, the suspension of hunting, and even the wholesale destruction of foxes, have actually been proposed in Northamptonshire. The proposition, I am bound to say, met with no encouragement; and to anybody who knows the "shires," the mere fact that such a proposal should have been even mooted there speaks volumes.

Taking things altogether, I should confess that we were approaching a period of trouble and disturbance. With the optimism which has become so much an article of faith in our papers, we are told that we are entering once more on an era of domestic prosperity and foreign peace. I hope it may be so, but I cannot see the grounds for the belief. One small circumstance has already happened, which to me appears suggestive of trouble ahead. The French Government has given notice of its determination to terminate the extradition treaty with England, on the ground that it does not work. Of course we are assured that this means nothing, and that the idea of demanding greater concessions with respect to the rendition of political fugitives has never entered the head of the Emperor. But Napoleon III. seldom does anything without motive. There is something curious in the revival of the old complaint that the license of our English laws is a danger to the Continent. We shall certainly not alter our laws to suit French ideas. But if our refusal should lead to unsatisfactory relations between France and England, the dream of coming prosperity will be rudely dispelled.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Jan. 5, 1866.

THE New Year's display of this quick-witted city usually reflects the leading interest of the preceding twelvemonth. That which followed the close of the Crimean campaign was marked by the imitation of Russian forms and styles and the prevalence of unpronounceable Russian names. The war in China overwhelmed us with "Chinoiseries," from squat mandarins to the elaborate imitation of Chinese patterns in every imaginable object. The Italian campaign sent us back to the days of ancient Rome and yet more ancient Etruria. This year not having brought us any special nationality for the inspiration of Parisian ingenuity, the fancy of each maker has had free sway, and every shop-window has rejoiced in its special group of elegant novelties. And what a show we have had! From the dazzling display of Samper, whose windows contained more than a million sterling in pearls, diamonds, rubies, and their sister sparklers, down to the humblest sausage shops (in some of which that favorite Parisian delicacy, truffled pig-feet, has just been seized by the police at the instance of indignant customers who found the slices of the precious tubers to be represented by bits of black merino), the enumeration of all the fine things on which Paris has been feasting its eyes for a fortnight would read like the catalogue of an industrial exhibition. Suffice it to say that dolls have reached, this year, a pitch of perfection, in the way of speaking and moving, unknown before; that the various mechanical toys are more wonderful than ever; that among them the cheapest are some thousands of birds cut out of white wood and representing the casoar, which is being acclimatized in this country, whose head and tail keep up a constant oscillation, to the immense delight of youthful purchasers; while one of the most seasonable is a sturdy workman laying about him in all directions with a pick-axe, and christened "The Municipal Demolisher;" that Straudin's four new comfits, the "Ambrosial," the

"Ephemeral," the "To be Alone," and the "Spirits of the Wood," surpass everything yet achieved by the confectionery art; and that the array of boxes and baskets, running up in price as high as a thousand francs, are miracles in their way. A really curious trifle among the mass of cheap wonders sold by the humblest class of dealers—those who display their wares on small tables or a square bit of oil-cloth laid on the ground between the booths—is the decanter which, though holding water when let alone, opens out, when the neck is pulled upwards, into a long spiral coil of glass wire, that settles again, of its own accord, into the shape and nature of a decanter when your hold on the neck is loosed. The pale, yellow-haired youth who sells these queer specimens of the craft of the glass-worker, who has been discoursing on the wonders of his wares incessantly from early morning till midnight for ten days past, and is no doubt expatiating thereon with unflagging eloquence as I write, is always surrounded by a crowd, and is probably making a good thing of his persistent vociferation.

The Emperor is not known to have had his usual evening stroll with the Empress, *incog.*, along the boulevards, during the height of the New Year excitement. But her active and fun-loving Majesty, with one or two of her favorite ladies, all very plainly dressed, and wearing thick veils, took a walk, a few evenings ago, along the greater part of the animated thoroughfare, stopping the oftenest at the booths, from which she bought largely, especially from those whose owners looked the poorest, to the amazement of the dealers, leaving gold where *sous* were looked for, sometimes stuffing her purchases into her pockets, but more often leaving them, with a request that they would keep them "until she came back."

The bands of the regiments garrisoned in the capital have ushered in the new year with their usual magnificent performances in the court of the Tuileries, and been rendered happy by the bestowal of the usual Imperial gratuities; the usual receptions of the dignitaries of church and state, domestic and foreign, have taken place at the Tuileries, to the satisfaction, let us hope, of those who figured in the brilliant ceremonial, as well as to the dense mass of spectators gathered outside the palace to enjoy the spectacle of all the grand carriages as they rolled by, with the many-colored glories of liveries without and of uniforms within. It may interest distant readers to know that His Majesty, who was unusually smiling and chatty in his reception of the diplomatic body, talked longer and more graciously with the representatives of Austria (Prince Metternich) and of the United States (Mr. Bigelow) than with any of the others. The reception of the wives of high officials, formerly held on the second day of the new year by the Empress, was left off last year, because it often happened that the ladies of the prefects, many of whom would come to court on these occasions for the first time, would contrive, under the combined influence of nervousness and court-trains, to get their feet entangled in the latter, and finish their elaborate curtsies to the Empress by a sudden descent upon the floor.

The distributions of bread, fuel, and money which are made on New Year's Day among the poor of Paris have been as liberal as usual. The Imperial family, the leading capitalists, and others contribute largely for this purpose, the distributions being made, according to the decisions of the examining officers, at the "beneficence offices" of the various wards and at the innumerable convents, which would fain secure the monopoly of these annual benefactions.

Victor Hugo—who, like two or three others of the principal actors in the scenes fifteen years ago, prefers occupying the pedestal of voluntary exile to returning to obscurity in France—has also been celebrating Christmas by giving, as he has done for some years past, a dinner, warm clothes, and toys to the children of the corner of Guernsey in which he has taken up his abode. A complimentary notice of this little fête having been published in some of the English journals, the poet has come out with a modest disclaimer of the praise thus bestowed on his charitable work, most amusingly characteristic of the writer, who speaks of "his plan" of giving flannel and dolls to the children of the poor at Christmas as a novelty that "has been most successfully adopted in many parts of England and America," but declares that it is not absolutely original on his part; "the first idea of it not being mine, but the great and noble example of Jesus Christ," whose command, "Suffer little children to come unto me," M. Hugo considers himself to have thus carried out. He expatiates on the moral and physical benefit the children are found to have derived from this annual treat, and rises to lofty eloquence in passing from the Christmas-tree to the tree of liberty, which, he says, "is yet to be planted by enslaved humanity." According to the not very amiable reminiscences of the Parisians, the poet's head must have undergone, of late, a rather decided development of the bump of philoprogenitiveness, as his relations with his own children were not considered in his younger days to be characterized by indulgence.

The Bavarians are still quarrelling about the recent expulsion of Dr.

Richard Wagner from their little kingdom. It appears that the young King was brought up by his sire and predecessor in the style of what the Parisians would term "Victor Hugo's earlier manner." He was kept in total retirement, never allowed to see or hear anything of interest, his education neglected and deprived of all suitable companionship and amusement. Called suddenly to the throne, invested with a freedom as entire as had been the restraint of his former life, it is not surprising that the young King should have committed among other mistakes in the choice of his surroundings that of mistaking Dr. Wagner for an artist, and his hideous cacophonies for "the music of the future." As Dr. Wagner has the reputation of being an innovator in other matters besides music, and is abused by the clericals as a republican, socialist, atheist, and so forth, the great intimacy which had speedily sprung up between him and the young King provoked the clamors of the court and the priestly party to a pitch that at length alarmed the new votary of the "Tannhäuser," and induced him to send its author out of Bavaria. Public opinion, in that country, is excited in regard to an affair which looks, to outsiders, very much like a "tempest in a teapot;" but the Bavarian people are a good deal in advance of their Government, and, though not caring a straw about Dr. Wagner and his musical vagaries *per se*, they are indignant at the ignominious treatment which they regard as aimed rather at his anti-absolutist tendencies in governmental matters than at his heresies in the field of art.

Our late visitor, the young King of Portugal, a lover of music of a very different calibre from his brother of Bavaria, having been greatly delighted with his impromptu visit to Rossini, when he passed through Paris on his way to Italy, sent word to the maestro before leaving, last week, that he was coming to see him in the course of the morning. Rossini, on receiving this message, sent off in haste for Verdi, Auber, and a few others of the most illustrious composers and performers now in Paris, who were all assembled in Rossini's hospitable drawing-room when the young King arrived, attended by the Portuguese minister, Viscount Paiva. His Majesty, delighted at meeting so many illustrious representatives of his favorite art, soon seated himself at the piano, playing various *moreaux* from the works of the composers present, airs, duets, and trios being thus executed with the greatest spirit, and all joining in at the choruses, to the immense satisfaction of all present.

The little diplomatic difficulty which occurred at the wedding of Princess Alexandrine of Prussia, when, in consequence of there having been no seats reserved for them at the royal table, the French and English ministers, with their ladies and the members of their respective legations, left the palace, on the conclusion of the ceremony in the Royal Chapel, thus missing the banquet, has had an amusing *finale* in the shape of a communication addressed by the grand chamberlain to the chief of police, and informing that functionary that "certain ill-advised persons," as the chamberlain mildly puts it, "have stolen various pieces of plate from the royal wedding-table—among others two silver dishes, ten large spoons and five forks of the same metal, and one dozen of plated spoons and forks, which were doubtless supposed to be of silver!"

STELLA.

Correspondence.

WIT AND HUMOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Your contributor in No. 29 came to the conclusion that wit and humor are only different names for the same thing. It is, indeed, often difficult to distinguish the one from the other, as in the prismatic spectrum we cannot fix the precise spot where one color begins and the other ends; but most of us know green from yellow, and it seems to me that, when we use the words wit and humor, we feel a difference that really exists.

Leaving aside any psychological examination of this peculiar and pleasant form of mental action, I think we may arrange a scale after the manner of the prismatic, at the top of which shall stand wit, humor next, and so on downward to burlesque and buffoonery. They all spring from the same source, and each one passes into the next below it by a gradation as imperceptible as the dividing line of the colors in the spectrum—but, as I said before, it is easy to see that yellow is not green.

When wit and humor come nearest together, a difference suggests itself at once. Wit is condensed, crystallized, polished—sharpened to an edge and to a point. No one ever called an epigram humorous. If wit and humor are made of the same stuff, so are a diamond and a lump of coal. Wit flashes and sparkles like the diamond, and, like it, lasts a very long time.

Then, wit is always more in earnest than humor. I know no better definition of wit than Addison's: "A truth in the understanding is, as it were, reflected by the imagination"—reflected and photographed. There must always be a truth, or what passes for one. Wit explains, illustrates, and drives this idea home and clinches it—represents it to the judgment in so strong a light that it is fixed for ever. Wit without ideas is like a vine without a trellis to grow upon; it lies upon the ground, and bears no fruit worth the gathering, only jests, quips, and verbal jingles.

Wit, then, must be like McClellan's theory of a campaign: short, sharp, and decisive; and it must have a genuine meaning in it. Brevity is not the soul of wit, in spite of the proverb. Brevity is its body, its soul is good sense.

Under the stimulus of a grand or solemn subject wit may rise into the region of metaphor and poetical imagery. Addison's famous comparison of the soul aspiring to divine perfection to one of the asymptotes—"a line that may draw nearer to another to all eternity without the possibility of touching it"—is genuine wit of the highest class; and so is Coleridge's saying, that human experience is "like the stern-lights of a ship at sea, which illumine only the path we have passed over."

But humor deals with everyday life. It contrasts small things with greater. It is a good-natured comparison of the weaknesses of human nature with a higher ideal—a kindly *reductio ad absurdum* of the trivialities of society. And the reason why women so seldom show a sense of humor is that they see nothing trivial in the doings and sayings of society. They believe in the importance of all that goes on in the circle about them.

The humorist writes as a superior being, although full of the best of feeling towards his inferiors; when we read and enjoy his descriptions, we unconsciously assume the same position. But humor must always be good humor, or it turns sour and passes over into satire. Hence, according to my theory, the range of humor is limited, but that of wit knows no bounds.

May I give a few examples of humor, as I understand it, which occur to me at this moment? Washington Irving on his first visit to France writes home: "I took Paris by the tail." Charles Lamb meets a newly married lady "who marvelled that an old bachelor like him should assume to know anything about the propagation of oysters." Addison, in a sketch of the fashionable *décolletées* young ladies of his time, candidates for matrimony, says: "Many a man has been hindered from laying out his money on a show, by seeing the principal figures of it hung out before the door"—and has been "so attentive to those objects he could see for nothing that he took no notice of the master of the show, who was continually crying out: 'Pray, gentlemen, walk in!'" The whole paper, by the way, is not at all out of date. And Goldsmith, in an essay on critics: "Another has written a book himself, and being condemned for a dunce, he turns a sort of king's evidence in criticism, and now becomes the terror of every offender." This I call humor. The following I should call witty—Voltaire's hint to writers: "The adjective is often the enemy of the substantive even when they agree in gender, number, and case." Pope's: "Some solitary wretches seem to have left the rest of mankind, only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private." Quintilian's advice how to deal with short-witted people: "A narrow-necked bottle must be humored; pour gently, or you spill instead of fill." Coleridge's comparison of language, as ordinary men use it, to a barrel or gan, "that supplies at once both instrument and tune." Mme. de Staël's criticism on the ontological systems of her German friends, "that they had all the darkness which preceded the creation without the light that followed it." The Bishop of St. David's suggestion that the many insignificant names signed to a certain petition were like zeros preceded by a decimal point, "however far the series may be prolonged, it can never rise to the value of a single unit."

I do not offer the foregoing as the choicest specimens of either class, but I think they will serve my purpose. No one will call Addison's "show" witty, or the Bishop of St. David's hit humorous. One word on puns before I end. This despised species of pleasantries deserves all the contempt it has received when it consists in a mere verbal jingle, and offers only sound to the ear that is expecting sense. There is no class of harmless men more insupportable than the parrots without feathers who wish their hearers to consider the repetition of a sound a joke. But let a pun have a meaning to back it, and it may be genuine wit; often more effective on account of the sound; as rhyme adds to the effect of verse. What is Dr. Channing's famous saying, that a man is not to be judged by the rightness of his doctrine, but by its uprightness, but a kind of pun? Is not Burke's, "Majesty stripped of its externals—a jest," witty? And this old conundrum, which Fenians may relish: What makes treason reason in Ireland? The absent *é*. Is not that good wit? Or Jerrold's definition of dogmatism, Puppysm come to maturity? or Lowell's favorite conundrum: Why is a

ship called she? Because the rigging is worth more than the hull. And to descend lower in the scale, there is wit in the *Saturday Review* when it says an election bribe is the modern votive offering, and in Blackwood's *Piccadilly* when he calls a fashionable ball in London a "daughtercultural show."

X.

Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE list of book announcements just issued by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields is almost enough to redeem the whole publishing trade from the charge of inactivity. It comprises nearly twenty different works, all to appear during the present season. Among them are: "The Biglow Papers, Second Series," by James Russell Lowell; "Snow-bound, a Winter Idyl," by John G. Whittier; an edition of Mr. Swinburne's first work, "The Queen Mother, and Rosamond;" "Drift, a Sea-shore Idyl, and other Poems," by the late George Arnold, edited by William Winter; "Lucy Ailin," by J. T. Trowbridge, author of "Neighbor Jackwood;" "St. Martin's Summer," by Anne H. M. Brewster, author of "Compensation," etc.; "Honor May," a novel; "Geological Sketches," by Louis Agassiz; "The Masquerade, and other Poems," by John G. Saxe; "Asphodel, a Romance;" "The South since the War," by Sidney Andrews ("Dixon" of the *Boston Advertiser*); "Spare Hours, Second Series," by Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and his Friends;" "Royal Truths," by Henry Ward Beecher; "The Life of James Gates Percival," by Julius H. Ward; "Poems," by Florence Percy; and "The Flowers of Liberty," edited and illustrated by Julia A. M. Furbish—"a unique volume containing forty chromo-lithographic illustrations of Union emblems, accompanied by a choice collection of poems, original and selected, from leading American poets," to be sold exclusively by subscription. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have always been remarkable among publishers for the encouragement they have afforded to young and comparatively unknown authors; and it is but a well deserved return for their enterprise, that the productions of some of the most valued writers of the day are included in their list of publications. A large portion of the above announcement, it will be seen, is composed of works of this character by writers yet "unknown to fame," whose books may be expected with interest, as their acceptance by the firm that issues them is in some measure a guarantee for their merit.

—The passion for establishing new magazines seems to have reached this side of the water from England, where it has prevailed extensively for some time. In addition to several new weekly periodicals, we have now the announcement of a fortnightly magazine, "Town and Country," devoted to American literature. The enterprise is undertaken by Messrs. Bunce & Huntington, who promise that its outward shape will be a large octavo of eighty pages, printed on fine paper in clear type, and that it will be the aim of its intellectual portion "to portray and illustrate all the varied phases of town and country life; to delineate, under the forms of fiction or essay, the labors, the festivities, the humors, the pathos, the refinement, and the tragedy of life in town; accompanied with pictures of the sports, the employments, the adventures, the pleasures of the woods and the waters, the firesides, and the comedy of life in the country." This sufficiently extensive programme will be accomplished solely by original contents, consisting of contributions from the foremost names in American literature. Each number will contain illustrations, principally from drawings by our best known painters—the fresh, vigorous, and truthful designs of the new schools. "Town and Country" is to see the light in April next, when we doubt not that the public will be ready to respond to the enterprise of the publishers.

—Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's professional activity does not appear to be retarded by removal of their establishment from the noisy region of Broadway to the comparative quiet of Broome Street; on the contrary, being less occupied with general miscellaneous business, more may be expected of them in the publishing department, and as an earnest of this they have already issued announcements of several new books intended to appear during the spring season. Among them we notice "Our Mutual Friend," by Dickens, Household Edition, completing the series of his works, in four volumes, with illustrations on steel from designs by Darley; a new and complete edition of the "Works of the Hon. J. P. Kennedy," comprising "Horse-Shoe Robinson," "Swallow Barn," "Rob of the Bowl," "Quodlibet," and "Life of Wirt," in five volumes crown octavo; "Pictures of Country Life," by Alice Cary; "The Authorship of Shakespeare," by Judge Holmes of the Supreme Court of Missouri; a new novel by Bayard Taylor; "Explorations toward the North Pole in the Years 1860-61," by Isaac L. Hayes, M.D., commander of the expedition,

with illustrations designed by Church, De Haas, Darley, and others, in one volume octavo, uniform with "Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition," etc.; "Poems by Thomas Hood," People's Edition; a reprint of the late English edition of Douglas Jerrold's "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," illustrated by Charles Keene; and "Out of Town," by Barry Gray, author of "Matrimonial Infelicities," illustrated by Bierstadt, Gifford, Beard, and other artists.

—A new feature is to be noticed in the publication of American local histories—the appropriation of a sum of money by a town for the preparation and publication of the record of its past history. Prof. Fowler, well known for his work on the English language published by Messrs. Harpers, "Memorial of the Chauncey Family," and other scholarly works, is a resident of the town of Durham, Connecticut, and has for some time been engaged in researches among the papers of his own and other families for historical purposes connected with the settlement and early progress of the State. With the intelligence characteristic of New England, his fellow-townsmen have resolved that a work interesting to all should be brought out under the public auspices, and have voted an appropriation to provide for the appearance of Prof. Fowler's book in a style worthy of the subject. The printing is now going on by the Hartford Publishing Company, by whom the work will be issued, at the expense of the town. Durham is one of the thoroughly rural towns of Connecticut, in Middlesex County. Its origin is derived from New Haven, whence it was settled in 1698. Prof. Fowler has just delivered an address before the Colonists' Society of New Haven on the same subject, which will also be printed.

—After a long silence, Mr. George Catlin, the Indian traveller and artist, is heard from by the publication of a prospectus of an intended work meant to embrace the whole results of his many years' wanderings and residences among the Indian tribes of North America. He feels a natural pride in the perpetuation of these hard-earned illustrations, the fruit of the exertions of the best years of his life, obtained under peculiarly favorable circumstances, and now, from the rapid changes in the circumstances of the country, impossible ever to be repeated. He proposes to embody these unique traits of a vanishing people, preserved by his pencil and gathered from an intercourse with sixty-two different tribes, speaking distinct languages, in a work entitled "Souvenirs of the North American Indians in the Middle of the Nineteenth Century: a numerous and noble race of human beings fast passing to oblivion and leaving no monument of their own behind them. The result of eight years' travel and residence amongst the wildest and most interesting tribes of North America. By George Catlin, of Wilkesbarre, Valley of Wyoming, State of Pennsylvania, United States." If sufficient encouragement is given, the work will be brought out in three volumes, elephant folio, containing several hundred plates, none of which will represent less than three figures.

—An important landmark in the progress of Oriental civilization and Christianization has been placed by the appearance of "The Koran of Mohammed" in a Turkish version, forming two volumes octavo. It is the first authorized translation of "The Koran" out of the original Arabic ever made in the East. It has been undertaken and completed by command of the Sultan, who wishes every educated Turk to read the sacred book of his religion in his own language. The strict Mohammedans looked upon the proceeding as little less than impious, and remonstrated vigorously against the proceeding, but without avail. The only reply they could elicit from the authorities was "that the Christians were placing translations of their sacred books into Turkish in the hands of the Turks, and it was necessary, in defence of the Moslem faith, to counteract their teachings by enabling the faithful to fortify themselves against Christianity by reading 'The Koran' in their own tongue." This is a recognition of the efforts of our missionaries so decisive, because unconsciously and unwillingly given, that they may well be proud of, and it will no doubt stimulate them to further exertions. An account, by President Woolsey, of the Oriental version of the Scriptures now in process of publication by the American Bible Society, was one of the papers read at the semi-annual meeting in October last of the American Oriental Society at New Haven. It had a special reference to the great undertaking of stereotyping the new and most carefully revised Arabic Bible, translated by Drs. Smith and Van Dyck, now in progress at New York.

—One of the most enjoyable books printed for a long time is the new series of "Curiosities of Natural History," by Frank Buckland, just published in two volumes, with illustrations, by Mr. Bentley. Mr. Buckland is surgeon of the 2d Regiment of Life Guards, and makes it a practice to learn all he can wherever he goes, and to talk to every one he meets, especially to aged people. An old village gossip gives him the greatest delight, and his book abounds in curious stories respecting nature and her works gathered

from oral sources of information, corrected by the scientific knowledge of the writer. He goes—in principle—to see all the shows, gets intimate with the dwarfs, bearded ladies, fat boys, spotted children, etc., gives dinner parties to the giants, measures them at his leisure, prescribes as an amateur medical man for the animals in the Zoological Gardens, dissects them when dead, and has something interesting to tell about them all. *Apropos* to osseous relics of various kinds, he relates the true history and fate of the skull of Ben Jonson—respecting which there have been some newspaper paragraphs of late. The father of the author, Dr. Buckland, was Dean of Westminster at the time the grave of the poet was exposed by the preparations for the interment in the Abbey of Sir Robert Wilson, and he had, consequently, every facility for examination. His account is well calculated to show the uncertainty attending such relics and the folly of attaching any considerable value to them, as it shows that on four separate occasions, by himself and an official of the abbey, unknown to each other, the skull in question was removed on purpose to preserve it from depredation, until its identity was quite lost and no one could tell which it really was. The most probable skull still had remains of red hair attached to it. A curious confirmation of a popular tradition was given by the fact that the remains of the dramatist were found to have been interred upright, instead of the usual recumbent position. All who wish to learn about talking fish, happy families, mermaids, how to train "industrious fleas" and breed salmon, should consult the "Curiosities of Natural History," with a certainty of getting satisfaction on these and a hundred other kindred topics.

—A novelty in catalogues has just been brought out, relating to the public library of the University of Cambridge, being a separate catalogue of the "Printed Books containing MSS. notes and adversaria preserved in the University Library, Cambridge," by Messrs. H. R. Luard & Churchill Babington. Books so often derive additional value from preserving traces of the studies and tastes of the eminent men through whose hands they have passed, that the idea of giving an account of them by themselves, so as to save them from being lost in the general collection, is a praiseworthy one, that might be imitated with success in other quarters rich in literary remains. The library in question has for the last three centuries been the general receptacle for the books of many of the greatest scholars of the time, particularly in classical and Oriental literature, from the days of the Reformation downwards. The books particularized contain the annotations of Dr. Edward Castell, Bentley, Dr. John Taylor, the editor of "Demosthenes," Richard Porson, Elmsley, Godfrey Hermann, the German critic, and others. One of the most careful annotators of his books was the famous antiquary, Francis Druce, whose rare and curious library was bequeathed as an addition to the stores of the Bodleian at Oxford. Almost every book in the collection contains its literary history, curious notes, etc., relating to the subject and its author, by the former possessor, whose long life was devoted to such researches, though he never published any works except his "Illustrations to Shakespeare" and treatise on Holbein's "Dance of Death." It has been proposed to publish a selection from these MS. collections. They would make one of the most curious books of literary "ana" ever produced.

—It is remarkable how the general taste for investigations proves that the existing stock of what used to be considered the heaviest and most unsalable books in the world is insufficient to meet the requirements of students, rendering new editions imperative. No less than six reprints of the immense "Jewish Talmud" are now being published in Germany. Two editions of the still more voluminous "Acta Sanctorum, or Bollandist Collection of the Lives of the Saints," the great treasure-house of mediæval history, are also in progress, and every day brings notice of other undertakings of the kind.

—A splendid work on dogs will shortly be issued in London by Mr. Hardwicke, the natural history publisher. The author is the well-known naturalist, J. R. Jesse, Esq. It will be entitled "Researches into the History of the British Dog," and contains a vast amount of curious and interesting matter from old records, charters, and historical documents, hitherto unpublished, forming two volumes octavo, illustrated by about fifty spirited etchings by the author.

—By what we cannot but consider a mistake in judgment, Gustave Doré has been persuaded to undertake the illustration of Tennyson's "Idyls of the King." We say persuaded, because it is put forth officially that M. Doré is not sufficiently acquainted with the English language to read the poem in the original, and we cannot conceive that any artist would by preference employ his pencil in the illustration of a work whose purport he can but dimly understand through the medium of an imperfect version, while all the finer shades of poetical expression and subtle meaning, instinct with the life that should inspire his hand, must be entirely lost to him. There is one

work fortunately existing in both an English and French original which M. Doré seems born to illustrate, and which it is surprising has not attracted his attention. We refer to "Vathek," by Beckford. The supernatural splendor and gloom of that unique romance, with its cynical tone of comment on human life, would find apt expression in the genius of the artist, who is in every fibre a Frenchman of the Voltaire school, if it is allowable to draw such a parallel between literature and art. The success of the Bible and Dante's "Inferno" is causing a transference of all Doré's works to editions with English text. The last that has appeared is his "Baron Munchausen's Adventures," from electrotypes of the original cuts, published in a handsome imperial quarto volume—the first time most unquestionably that the Baron has ever appeared in this aristocratic form, and an honor due solely to the artist.

—Dr. Julius Petzhold, of Dresden, well known as one of the highest living authorities on all that relates to books and literary history, has just published an important book, whose circulation will, however, be more limited than it should be, as it is written in German. It is called "Bibliographia Bibliographica: a Critical List of the literature belonging to the whole range of Bibliography, systematically arranged, with Alphabetical Indices." The work is founded in every instance on a personal examination of the books enumerated and characterized. It includes not only reference works, but also the bibliographies appended to other books, as transactions, memoirs, etc. The want of such a guide has been long felt and recognized. A translation has been proposed by an American scholar, who, we hope, will be encouraged to persevere in the attempt.

—A new tale of individual adventure and suffering, equal in vivid attraction to the most glowing pages of the romance writers, and with the advantage of being a record of undeniable facts, is one of the novelties of the present publishing season in London. The book is announced by Messrs. Lockwood & Co. as "The Modern (and True) Robinson Crusoe," "castaway on the Auckland Islands, a narrative of the wreck of the *Grafton*, and of the escape of the crew after twenty months' suffering, from the private journal of Capt. Thomas Musgrave, together with some account of the Auckland Islands; also, an account of the sea-lion and its habits. Originally written in seal's blood, as were most of Capt. Musgrave's journals. Edited by John J. Shillinglaw, F.R.G.S."

PERRY'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

THE study of political economy is at so low an ebb in the United States that any honest man who sits down to write about it renders a service to the public. Let him acquit himself of his task ever so poorly, the mere discussion of the theories of the science cannot but do good. There is probably no branch of human knowledge with which most of us fancy we are so familiar, and there is probably none about which the mass of us are so ill-informed. The country is full of practical men, men of shrewdness and sagacity, who have achieved, or are achieving, remarkable success in every walk of trade, commerce, and manufacture. They have every operation of business at their fingers' ends. They, therefore, naturally enough find it hard to believe that scholars, philosophers, and professors can have anything to tell them that they do not already know about such matters as exchange, production, profits, wages, interest, rents, and taxation. The idea of there being anything too recondite for their "common sense" about processes which they are every day performing, and have been performing ever since their boyhood, with an ease that has made them almost mechanical, seems ridiculous. And yet, as a matter of fact, the most outrageous nonsense on these subjects that has ever appeared in print—the wildest schemes that ever have been propounded—have emanated from "practical business men;" while the whole science of political economy, so far as it can be called a science—for it must not be forgotten that its claims to that appellation are disputed—has really been built up by men of the closet. In every country in which it has been successfully cultivated, most of the contributions to it of any value have been made by writers who were not of the business world, but surveyed its operations from a distance; men for whose opinions on "business matters" few merchants or manufacturers would have given five cents. There are several ways of accounting for this, some of them obvious enough, such as the blunting effect which constant contact with details is apt to have upon the generalizing faculty, and the indisposition, if not inaptitude, of most business men for protracted investigation into abstract questions, and the strong and clouding influence on the judgment which close attention to the best manner of realizing imme-

*"Elements of Political Economy. By Arthur Latham Perry, Professor of History and Political Economy in Williams College." New York: Charles Scribner. 1866.

diate profits is apt to have with regard to all calculations touching remote results.

In this country the general and extraordinary prosperity has spread a sort of poetic haze over the whole machinery of society, and made all enquiry into the laws of its working seem a kind of idle speculation. There is, probably, no state in the world in which so large a proportion of the population are engaged in working out the theorems of the science, and yet we have in eighty years produced only one author, Mr. Carey, who has made any important contributions to it, and only one or two attempts have been made to "popularize" it. Now that men of intelligence at the North are released from the really ridiculous task of proving that slavery is not a divine institution, we may fairly look, however, for a more vigorous discussion of politico-economical questions than has ever before been bestowed on them. No such field for the examination of them was ever before offered to the student as this country affords, for in none are the laws of human nature, on which the science is based, left so free in their working; and the immense complication in our financial system wrought by the war will, doubtless, prove a constant stimulus to enquiry.

For all these reasons we should have cordially welcomed Professor Perry's book even if it had had less merit than it really possesses. It is in its main features rather what is called a "manual" for popular use than a treatise. He presents in a clear and concise shape the conclusions of American and foreign economists, wherever they agree on all the leading questions of the science, and, where they disagree, states the points of difference neatly, and pronounces his own judgment with almost an excess of modesty. He has adopted, and largely illustrated, M. Bastiat's definition of value, as "the relation between two services exchanged." In discussing exchange, he lays down the doctrines of free trade in the broadest manner. The chapters on labor and capital are amongst the best examples of lucid, popular statements on these subjects we have met with, and we cordially recommend them to the perusal of the advocates of the eight-hour movement. He adopts, with strong and well-deserved eulogy, Mr. Carey's law of the distribution of products between laborers and capitalists; but Mr. Perry shirks the discussion of the law of population in a way that shows that the man of science is not, after all, always uppermost in him. He says:

"The law of population and of human fecundity is just that with which God saw best to endow the race; that experience has shown that it is not too strong for the purpose for which it was given; and that the same law of population which produces laborers produces capitalists as well; and that the restraints on population which political economists have recommended are as likely to keep capitalists out of the world as laborers, which would be a disadvantage to the latter" (p. 126).

Now, the only restraints on population which political economists, except Aristotle, have recommended, are the refusal of permission to marry or cohabit to paupers supported by the public, and the prohibition of marriage in the case of other young persons until they can prove the possession of property sufficient to support and educate a family. Both of these restraints have, wherever put in force, worked tolerably well. The right of paupers to support is undoubted; but their right while in this condition to produce other paupers is incapable of proof, and society is bound in its own interest and that of possible children to deny it. Whether it is best for the state to make enquiries as to the ability of people to support a family before permitting them to marry, is a question which has not arisen, and is not likely to arise, in this country; but in old countries it does arise, and it is not met by the assertion "that the law of human fecundity is that with which God saw best to endow the race." We might as well say that the law of God which doomed children to suffer for the sins and shortcomings of their parents was a bar to compulsory education of the young. The whole question of legal restraints on population really turns on the extent to which the state can be considered responsible for the well-being of the next generation. The drunkard or profligate who brings children into the world for whom he cannot and will not provide obeys the "great law of human fecundity;" but have the children, possible or actual, no claim on public protection? Professor Perry lays it down that "economy being the science of exchange, presupposes the actual existence of men in society, and therefore it is without its province to discuss the laws under which they are born into society." This would be very true if the laws under which they are born into society did not materially affect their condition in it. But they do. The too rapid multiplication of laborers under these laws may, and does, produce extreme misery, and often without the laborers knowing why. It is the business of the political economist to call attention to the relations of capital to labor, and if there be any special cause, such as the habit of contracting improvident marriages, operating to produce superabundance of the latter, he is bound to mention it, and leave governments or individuals to do as they please about it.

Whether preventive legislation be expedient or not, is, perhaps, not the business of an economist to discuss; but it is undoubtedly his duty to do what he can as a public teacher to excite public reprobation of any abuse of men's liberty which seems likely, by producing and perpetuating poverty, to retard human progress.

Professor Perry's theory of rent is striking and, we believe, original; the chapter on money is excellent; but the following is another example of hazy thinking. At page 255 he says the United States legal tender notes have

"Been more or less depreciated from the first—and at times very much depreciated; and this not because there has been any doubt about their ultimate redemption, not because of a lack of confidence in the stability of the Government, for thousands had been freely loaned by the people to the Government on the public faith in the interval, but partly on account of their excessive quantity and partly on account of the nature of credit money unfitting it to maintain a high and steady value."

Now when paper money in time of war depreciates, it is partly owing to overissue, but partly also to want of confidence in its redemption. It is true that millions in the United States had no doubt of the will and ability of our Government to pay its debts, but a great many had, and the rest of the civilized world had no faith whatever, or very little. The effect of this was, of course, to diminish the market for the currency, and therefore depreciate it. Nothing but universal faith will keep paper money up to par. Even if all the inhabitants of a country have full faith in it, if the rest of the world has not, it will inevitably fall below gold, because it cannot be used at par in the purchase of foreign products, even if it do not exceed in volume what the country requires. And, in fact, the ups and downs of the gold market during the war were so many indications of variations in public confidence, and little else. Speculators speculated, but they speculated on public fears and anxieties. All this seems plain enough, but Professor Perry refutes his own doctrine elsewhere. At page 261 he says of the paper currency, "that, after all that can be said in favor of it, it is credit money still—and exposed to the dangers inseparable from credit money—namely, distrust of the people, the undue enlargement and sudden diminution of its volume," etc. Speaking, too, at page 310, of the National Bank paper, he says that

"Their circulation is nothing but credit money, and liable in some degree to the disorders inseparable from every form of credit. Credit is not payment, but a promise to pay. The promise may be good; it may be sure to be fulfilled; but it is not and never can be made the same thing as fulfillment. . . . And men are so constituted and society so delicately organized, that times are liable to come when men shall have a general distrust of mere promises, and shall desire to see them changed into fulfillments."

Nothing can be sounder than this. The "patriotic citizen" of the newspapers here disappears, and the political economist speaks his honest thought.

We cordially recommend Professor Perry's book to all, of whatever school of political economy, who enjoy candid statement and full and logical discussion. But we would suggest to the author that he revise it carefully if, as we hope it may, it should reach a second edition. It is marred by colloquialisms, vulgarisms, and, in a few instances, downright bad grammar, which, considering that the work issues from a university, is not permissible. Such expressions as "Man does not ache so bad" (p. 91); "Capitalists, do not feel too much stuck up towards your workmen;" and the constant use of such abbreviations as "do n't" and "won't," ought not to appear in any book written by a man laying claim to a good education. Political economists, too, are just as much responsible as others for the use they make of the people's English.

WINIFRED BERTRAM.*

"WINIFRED BERTRAM" is, in our judgment, much better than the author's preceding work: it is in fact an excellent book of its class. This class it is difficult to define. Were it not that in a certain chapter where Sunday literature is brought into question, the author fails to express her sympathy with it in a manner so signal as almost to suggest an intent to deprecate, we should say that her own book was fashioned on this principle. The chief figure in Miss Winifred Bertram's world, and one quite overshadowing this young lady, is a certain Grace Leigh, who, albeit of a very tender age, is frequently made the mouth-piece of the author's religious convictions and views of life. She is so free from human imperfections, and under all circumstances gravitates so infallibly and gracefully towards the right, that her attitude on any question may almost be taken to settle that question for spirits less clearly illumined. She administers a quiet snub to "Sunday books"

* "Winifred Bertram and the World She Lived in. By the author of 'The Schönberg-Cotta Family.'" New York: M. W. Dodd, 1866

by declaring that she possesses none. "I do not think Shakespeare is quite one," she adds, "nor Homer, although it often helps me on Sundays, and every day, to think of them." The truth is, however, that this young lady is so instinctive a respecter of Sunday that she can very well afford to dispense with literary stimulus. Wherever we place this work, its generous and liberal tone will assure it a respectable station; but is the author confident that she has not been liberal even to laxity in the comprehensive *bienveillance* which she attributes to Miss Grace Leigh, when the latter affirms that "all sermons are nice?" It is true that she qualifies her assertion by the further remark that "at least there is something nice in them," namely, the text. But the whole speech is a very good illustration of the weaker side of the author's spirit. It is indeed the speech of a child, and may have been intended to indicate her character rather than to express a truth of the author's own intelligence. Nevertheless, as we have said, this precocious little maiden is somehow invested with so decided an air of authority, that even when she is off her stilts the reader feels that he is expected to be very attentive. Now the word *nice* as applied to a sermon is thoroughly meaningless; as applied to a Scripture text it is, from the author's point of view, almost irreverent. And yet the reader is annoyed with a suspicion that the author fancies herself to have conveyed in these terms a really ponderable truth. Here is another instance of the same gushing optimism. Having put forward the startling proposition that "everything is pleasant"—it will be observed that our young friend is of a decidedly generalizing turn—Miss Grace Leigh proceeds to confirm it as follows: "It is pleasant to wake up in the morning and think how much one has to do for people—and it is pleasant to mend father's things—and it is pleasant to help the Miss Lovels with their scholars—and it is pleasant to make the cold meat seem like new to father by little changes—and it is pleasant that Mr. Treherne [the landlord] is a greengrocer and not a baker, because there are never any hot, uncomfortable smells—and," to conclude, "it is pleasant that there is a corner of the churchyard in sight." In other words, we would say, with all deference, it is pleasant to be able to be sentimental in cold blood. This pleasure, however, is to the full as difficult to grasp as the converse luxury of being reasonable in a passion.

In spite of this defect, it is very evident that it has been the author's aim to advocate a thoroughly healthy scheme of piety. She had determined to supersede the old-fashioned doctrinal tales on their own ground; to depict a world in which religious zeal should be compatible, in very young persons, with sound limbs and a lively interest in secular pastimes; in which the practice of religious duties should be but the foremost condition of a liberal education. This world of Miss Winifred Bertram's, accordingly, is a highly accomplished one. It recalls those fine houses with violet window-panes, in whose drawing-rooms even the humblest visitors are touched with a faint reflection of the purple. Sin and sorrow assume a roseate hue. Candid virtue wears the beautiful blush of modesty. We have seen how the little girl above quoted gets "help" from Homer and Shakespeare. So every one about her is engaged in helping and being helped. She herself is the grand centre of assistance, in virtue, we presume, of her being in direct receipt of this favor from the great sources just mentioned. She walks through these pages shedding light and bounty, counsel and comfort; preaching, prescribing, and chiding. She makes as pretty a figure as you could wish; but she is, to our mind, far too good to be true. As the heroine of a fairy tale she would be admirable, but as a member of this working-day world she is almost ridiculous. She is a nosegay of impossible flowers—of flowers that do not bloom in the low temperature of childhood. We firmly believe that children in pinafores, however rich their natural promise, do not indulge in extemporaneous prayer, in the cogitation of Scripture texts, and in the visitation of the poor and needy, except in very conscious imitation of their elders. The best good they accomplish is effected through a compromise with their essentially immoral love of pleasure. To be disinterested is among the very latest lessons they learn, and we should look with suspicion upon a little girl whose life was devoted to the service of an idea. In other words, children grow positively good only as they grow wise, and they grow wise only as they grow old and leave childhood behind them. To make them good before their time is to make them wise before their time, which is a very painful consummation. The author justifies the saintly sagacity of little Grace Leigh by the fact of her having been obliged to look out for herself at a very tender age; but this very competency to the various cares and difficulties of her position, on which the author dwells so lovingly, is to us a thoroughly unpleasant spectacle. An habitually pre-occupied child is likely to be an unhappy one, and an unhappy one—although, like Mr. Dickens's Little Nell, she may never do anything naughty—is certainly little more than an instrument of pathos. We can conceive of nothing more pernicious for a child than a premature sense of

the seriousness of life, and, above all, of that whole range of obligations to which Miss Grace Leigh is so keenly sensitive—the obligations of charity, the duties of alms-giving. Nothing would tend more to make a child insufferably arrogant than the constant presence of a company of pensioners of its own bounty. Children are essentially democratic, and to represent the poor as in a state of perpetual dependence on them is to destroy some of their happiest traits.

But there is a great deal in these pages which is evidently meant for the parents of the little boys and girls who read them. There is, for instance, the episode of the conversion of Mrs. O'Brien from elegant carelessness, and heedlessness of her opportunities for beneficence, to an ingenious and systematic practice of philanthropy. We have no doubt that many idle women with plenty of money may derive considerable profit from the perusal of Mrs. O'Brien's story. And there is a great deal more which they may find equally entertaining and instructive—many a forcible reminder of the earnestness of life, and of the fact that by taking a friendly interest in their cooks and housemaids, and bestowing kindly words and thoughts as well as loaves and purses upon the inhabitants of tenement-houses, they may diminish the sum of human misery. We agree with the author that there is a wise way of giving alms as well as a foolish one, and that that promiscuous flinging of bounty which saves the benefactor all the trouble of enquiry and of selection is very detrimental. But, in our opinion, it is especially detrimental to the active party. To the passive one—the pauper—it is of comparatively little importance whether assistance is given him intelligently or not. We should say, indeed, that the more *impersonally* it is given, the better for both parties. The kind of charity advocated with such good sense and good feeling in these pages, is as good as any charity can be which is essentially one with patronage. To show that patronage may be consistent with humility has been—practically, at least—the author's aim. In the violet-tinted atmosphere of Miss Winifred Bertram's world, this may be so, but hardly, we conceive, in the daylight of nature. Such books as these—books teaching the rich how to give—should always carry a companion-piece showing the poor how to take. The objects of the enlightened charity practised in these pages are invariably very reasonable as well as very sentimental. A little wilfulness, a little malice, a little blockheadedness, a little ingratitude, and the position of the alms-dealer becomes very ungraceful; and Miss Winifred Bertram's companions are nothing if not graceful. As a serious work, accordingly, we do not deem this account of them very strong. As an exhibition of a very beautiful ideal of life by a person who has felt very generously on the subject, it deserves all respect; but we cannot help feeling that religion and human nature, and good and evil, and all the other objects of the author's concern, are of very different aspect and proportions from those into which she casts them. Nevertheless, her book may be read with excellent profit by all well-disposed persons; it is full of incidental merit, and is uncommonly well written. Little girls, we suppose, will read it and like it, and for a few days strive to emulate Grace Leigh. But they will eventually relax their spiritual sinews, we trust, and be good once more in a fashion less formidable to their unregenerate elders.

STEVENS'S CENTENARY OF AMERICAN METHODISM.*

THE history of Methodism is a record of the most marvellous activity and the most extended success. It began in England at a time when the very existence of Christianity seemed to be seriously threatened; when the Protestant churches appeared to be dying from sheer inanity; when its friends and clergy were ridiculed, and its utter falsity seemed almost taken for granted. True, there were a few who had not bowed the knee to Baal. Some of these were men of rare endowments and sincere piety, but they seemed like mere waifs amidst the fragments of the general wreck. What was wanted was a real spiritual power, entering into the very depths of the national life, quickening the conscience, bringing home the dormant sense of the *divine*, and applying the truths of Christianity as a remedy for human ills.

This want was most singularly met in the rise of Methodism. The real founders of the great rejuvenation were John and Charles Wesley and George Whitefield. At Oxford these, with others, showed what might be called ascetic tendencies, in the formation and proceedings of the well-known "Holy Club." They led austere, self-denying lives; and met frequently for prayer, mutual counsel, and study of the Scriptures. But all these things still left English unbelief untouched. In this merely ascetic form their

* "The Centenary of American Methodism: A Sketch of its History, Theology, Practical System, and Success. Prepared by order of the Centenary Committee of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Abel Stevens, LL.D." With a statement of the plan of the Centenary Celebration of 1866. By John McClintock, D.D. New York: Carlton & Porter. 1865.

lives were not the needed power. This was only a preparatory stage, in which they were being fitted for a further step—to become the receptacles and bearers of a vital force which should quicken the dead mass. It is a strange fact, which the student of history and of mind will do well to note, that the Wesleys and Whitefields only began to move and reform the English masses after they themselves had passed through a certain and similar religious experience. Upon an honest belief in the Bible and a scrupulous performance of every duty, there supervened a new fact, what to them was a new life, an assured sense of divine favor. Wesley expressed it by saying that at a certain time he “felt his heart strangely warmed, and that an assurance was given him that his sins had all been taken away.”

With this phase of their inner life, the Wesleys and Whitefields began their work. The new apostles gathered crowds to hear them in every nook and corner of England; the whole island trembled with excitement, both hostile and friendly; and multitudes of the people forsook their evil courses and became orderly, upright, and religious.

The origin of the denomination in this country was somewhat different from its first rise in England. The Wesleys and Whitefields were men of culture. Whitefield was, perhaps, never surpassed by any man in effective eloquence; and both the Wesleys were graduates of Oxford. The planters of the new sect in this country were quite unlearned. Barbara Heck and Philip Embury, who formed the first Methodist society in America, had nothing in common with the Wesleys except the new experience. They had passed through the Methodist fire; they, with their leaders, had experienced that strange “warming of the heart” which to Wesley came along with assurance. Around precisely that point gathered the Methodist power. That wanting, learning was naught; that possessed, learning was not necessary. It only required good plain sense in these two persons to tell the story of their inner life as it had been developed under the Wesleyan teaching. They told it, and organized into a church the receptive hearers of their story. Hence American Methodism, with its century of strange scenes, its tireless work, and wonderful success.

We cannot here mention many of the distinguished names of the denomination; we must content ourselves with one—namely, Francis Asbury. If he did not first plant Methodism in the New World, he at least replanted and developed it. Under his vigilant eye it grew from a mere “reed, shaken by the wind,” into a tree, sheltering, at the time of his death, seven hundred travelling preachers and between two and three hundred thousand members. He rode over the continent on horseback, with little regard for distance or fatigue. His life was crowded with work, until the very hours seemed to lag; he had no time to marry, no time for intentional recreation; but little need of human sympathy or human counsel or close social intercourse. He was frank as light, and yet reticent and mysterious. His appearance was stern, but covered a restrained and gentle humor which knew how to disclose itself upon any fitting occasion. He was the bishop of a continent, and yet the elder brother of his flock; he had the power of a king, and used it like a father. Under his labors and rule the denomination grew with a rapidity which seemed almost necessarily to imply and foretell early and disastrous collapse, and yet when he died it seemed only to plume itself for loftier flights and to aim for still broader conquests.

The statistics of Methodism now, considering the period of its life in the country, are remarkable in a very high degree. It far outstrips all the other Protestant sects, both in the number of their churches and of their communicants. Its missionary collection for the last year rose above half a million of dollars; its missionaries are numerous both at home and abroad; and its contribution to the ranks of the Union army is estimated by Dr. Stevens at 100,000 white and 75,000 colored soldiers. Such, too, is the vigor of the denomination that they came out of the war appropriating \$1,000,000 to home and foreign evangelization, and resolving to raise several millions more during the centenary year for education and for other purposes in the church.

When this success is looked at, and deliberately compared with that of other ecclesiastical bodies, we naturally begin to ask for the reason of the difference. Where lies its peculiar power, its secret? This has sometimes been sought in its peculiar organization, especially in its itinerant ministry and its love-feasts and class-meetings. But these are its mere instruments, outgrowths, expressions of its inherent energy. It was, indeed, natural that a power such as Methodism has demonstrated itself to be should project a system of means suited to the intensity of its life and the rapidity of its movements; but this machinery is no more its power than pistons and cranks are the power of the locomotive. At other times the power of Methodism has been sought especially in its doctrines. But it has, in fact, no peculiar doctrines. It teaches, indeed, and lays stress on Christian perfection, and yet in the same breath denies and rejects sinless perfection. It holds a universal atone-

ment, and so do other Protestant sects; it believes in the doctrine of assurance which the early reformers also held, and which is substantially accepted by several other of the modern churches.

Its power and secret lie not in the doctrine held, but in the manner of apprehending it. The genuine Methodist preacher of the Wesleyan or Whitefieldian type had but little thought of creed or catechism as such. With him definitions were translated into fiery convictions. In his own experience he had *felt* sin rather than defined it, and, when he came to preach about it, he had no thought of a treatise or discourse, but aimed only to show its “exceeding sinfulness.” So, too, when his hearers yielded to his sturdy blows, and cried for mercy, if he attempted at all to define the process of conversion, it was only in the interests of an actual and pressing want; he cared but little for the case he made out, if he could only see in the burdened and struggling soul the dawn of the new spiritual consciousness. He preached faith when he did not and could not explain it.

The difference between the early Methodists and other religionists, therefore, lay not in what they believed, but in the way they believed and in the way they felt. They trembled at sin as if it had been a second fearful personality confronting them in the human soul; they were as well assured of pardon as of existence; heaven seemed to them no further off than the neighboring hill-tops. Their feeling was therefore intense, and the word *feeling* gradually came to express their whole spiritual state. This, of course, might easily run into abuse, and sometimes did. It was not the doctrine of Methodism that overcame, but the blaze in which it was wrapped; it was not the itinerancy that raised up the new people; a rapid orthodoxy on the itinerant's horse would have deepened the popular slumber; it was experience that set heart and doctrine on a flame, and out of the fire was born a conquering organization. The true power of Methodism lay precisely in that strange “warming of the heart” of Wesley, which for substance was the same in all Methodists, however variously expressed. To tell this, to watch it, to conserve it, to spread it, cultivate it, deepen it, and make it the all of life, was the work of Methodism.

It is true that much of this glow and confidence has entered into other sects, and doctrinal differences are falling before its advances. Yet the great characteristic of Methodism still remains, and reveals itself in its stateliest churches. They cannot sing their old hymns without giving a ring of warmth to both the prayer and the sermon which follows it.

This peculiarity of *Methodism* has, no doubt, greatly contributed to its remarkable catholicity. Experience, not forms or doctrines, became the keystone of its arch, and Calvinist and Arminian, on this principle, came together most lovingly. Wesley himself found piety worthy to be printed for the benefit of his own people in Roman Catholics and even in Unitarians. For entrance into his societies he required only the condition of “a desire to flee the wrath to come, and be saved from sin;” and these societies, grown into churches, now mingle freely with all evangelical bodies where sectarian exclusiveness does not repel advances.

The period for the more complete consolidation of Methodism is now opening. Whether or not the great educational schemes of this denomination and the spirit of other churches will modify it injuriously or beneficially is hard to say; that will greatly depend on the wisdom and goodness of those who give tone to its advancement. Dr. Stevens's book is a revelation to the outside world; its style is warm and bright, remarkable at once for suppleness, vigor, and beauty.

FROTHINGHAM'S LIFE OF WARREN.*

GIBBON tells us that whenever he was about to read a new book, he first turned over the subject in his own mind, in order to bring together what he already knew of it, and thus prepare himself to form a just idea of what he might learn from the new volume. This rule of the great historian is also the best rule for the critic in approaching all that class of works which undertake to add to our knowledge of facts, principles, circumstances, or character. Works of imagination, like works of mere amusement, require a different test; but history—and biography is history from an individual point of view—has no claim to our attention unless it add, either by freshness of form or novelty of matter, to what we had already learnt from other sources. For every work that does this there is room in every library; the many that daily fail to do it, we commend, in all sincerity, to the trunk-maker and the grocer.

In applying this test to Mr. Frothingham's “Warren,” it can hardly be necessary to tell the American reader that of all the names in our history there is none that stands so high as Warren's with so narrow an historical

*“Life and Times of Joseph Warren, By Richard Frothingham,” Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1865. 8vo, pp. 558.

basis. It is the first that springs to our lips when we would speak of Bunker Hill; it is closely associated with the uprising at Lexington and Concord; it meets us twice on the anniversaries of the Boston massacre; and it is constantly present with an indistinct and mystic grandeur through the eight years of intellectual warfare which preceded the first shedding of blood in battle. But of the words which he wrote and said, of the ideas and principles which he enforced or developed, of the methods by which his influence was won, and the manner in which he exerted it, history hitherto has told us so little that it has hardly been possible to form any definite idea of him either as a public or a private man. Eliot, his contemporary biographer, has given him but five pages; his latest but eighty-five, of which forty are devoted to his three orations. Out of Everett's ninety duodecimo pages fifty-five are given to Bunker Hill. Had he fallen in repulsing the foraging party at Grape Island instead of falling after twice helping repulse the best troops of the English army at Bunker Hill, although his coolness and intrepidity were the same on both days, what would have been his place in history? "Il ne suffit pas d'être grand homme, il faut venir à propos." Never was historical *à propos* more perfect than Warren's. He died on a great day, and history, without pausing to take note of his life, classed him unhesitatingly among those who are made great by death.

It is from this unsatisfactory though brilliant position that Mr. Frothingham has undertaken to remove him, assigning him a definite place among his fellow-laborers and connecting his name by documentary evidence with that series of wise, bold, and consistent measures by which resistance gradually passed from the pen to the sword. We hasten to add that we think he has, in a great measure, accomplished this difficult task, and that, in bringing Warren nearer to us as a man, he has taken nothing from him that belonged to him as a hero.

The materials for a life of Warren, although less complete than they might easily have been made had any of his fellow-laborers told us all that they knew about him, are still sufficient to confirm his claim to the prominent place which has always been accorded him. The records of the various public bodies of which he was a member have been carefully preserved, and in these his name meets us on every important committee. Frequently, too, the communication between these and other similar bodies was in writing, and the pen was placed in his hands so often that it is impossible not to acknowledge that he had fully won the confidence of his colleagues. Many of his private letters, also, have been preserved, and in these, his thoughts flowing with the freedom wherewith thoughts naturally flow in the intercourse between friends who have the same interests and the same objects, he unconsciously gives us the measure both of his statesmanship and of his feelings. But the speeches and debates of the time have not been preserved. The newspaper reports and official records are provokingly and often puzzlingly meagre. Yet, by a patient and thorough examination of them all, Mr. Frothingham has been enabled to follow Warren, for the first time, from meeting to meeting, from committee to committee, establishing in one place his claim to the authorship of important official papers, in another to the composition of spirited essays which passed rapidly and at the right moment from hand to hand in the columns of the *Boston Gazette*. From these sources he has derived sufficient confirmation of all that had been told and believed of his subject as a public man. In these laborious researches Warren gradually passes from a brilliant myth to a distinct historical reality, losing by the transition nothing of that moral grandeur which has always raised him so far above the men of selfish aims, of that tender halo which, from the day of his death, has surrounded him as "the first great martyr" of the Revolution. As a material contribution to our knowledge of facts, Mr. Frothingham's "Warren" deserves a prominent place in the library of American history.

Yet there are some things wanting in it which we would have much desired to find in the life of such a man. It is impossible to look upon Warren's portrait without feeling a sadness and a longing gradually steal over you as if you were looking upon features which you had known in life. Its oval is of that just proportion which takes at a glance and satisfies the eye. It is neither too long nor too broad, but both above and below forms lines wherein strength and gentleness are suggestively blended. You could hardly add to the open forehead or take from it without disturbing its harmonious relation to the softly rounded chin. There might have been something of coldness in the firm outline of the Grecian nose but for the sweetness that rests upon the lips and beams from the eye. And as you gaze you feel that there is a warm, earnest, tender human soul looking through these features; you feel that, where great thoughts are to be uttered or great things to be done, those gentle eyes may flash with indignation, those calm lips curl with ineffable scorn or tremble with conviction; and that, under-

lying all that gentleness and sweetness, there is no common force of will, but strength to love a noble cause and die for it.

Now, we could have wished that Mr. Frothingham had followed up the line of enquiry which Warren's portrait suggests, and tried to tell us more at length what kind of a man he was among his friends and by his own fire-side. We have great faith in biography, and believe, with our great poet, that when it is worth writing at all, it is worth writing fully. Although but the instrument of a higher power, man is still a conscious instrument, laboring by force of will; seldom, indeed, reaching his own aims, but always the faithful representative of the aims and relative position of his age. And if invention of character is one of the greatest gifts of the poet, delineation of character should be held one of the choicest distinctions of the historian. Livy's "pictured page" has been the delight and marvel of eighteen centuries. Even in his own day, one of his readers is said to have gone from Spain to Rome in order to look upon his face, and, having seen him, to have returned home without caring to see anything more of the wonders of the great city. But Livy's marvellous strength is in the painting of character, and in this he can hardly be called second either to Homer or Shakespeare. Rome lives through him with a freshness and fulness of moral power which makes her great names as familiar to-day as they were in the day of her physical power. Curiosity, therefore, about the lives of great men seems to us one of the most laudable forms which that stimulant of enquiry can take. It springs directly from human sympathy, and leads directly to juster and kinder appreciations of our fellow-men, strengthening our heads for action and our hearts for endurance and our minds for the acceptance of truth. But to work this good we must be brought near by it to man as man, and allowed to see all the traits which we have in common with him as well as the peculiar characteristics whereby he is raised above us. Now, with all that he has added to our knowledge of Warren, Mr. Frothingham has failed to give us that intimate knowledge of him which is essential to a perfect delineation. It is probable that the materials for doing it fully were wanting; still we feel that he might have done somewhat more towards it.

The general literary execution of the work is good. The style, though neither very graceful nor very warm, is clear and manly. Mr. Frothingham knows what he wants to say, and says it distinctly and directly. He is happiest, perhaps, in narration. The stories of "The Boston Massacre" and "The Boston Tea Party" are told with great richness of detail and true narrative power. We have here and there found some questionable rhetoric, such, for example, as the *rushlight and the sun*, on page 216; and occasionally, also, an approach to declamation, rendered all the more noticeable by the general level of style from which it rises somewhat too abruptly to satisfy a rigorous taste. We prefer his own declamation, however, to that of Mr. Knapp, which adds nothing to the distinctness of our conceptions or the warmth of our feelings. Indeed, we are not a little surprised that so good a scholar and so accurate an historian as Mr. Frothingham should have overlooked, for the sake of Mr. Knapp's Fourth of July rhetoric, such a blunder as this: "Tully poured the fiercest torrent of invective when Catiline was at a distance and his dagger no longer to be feared." Sallust tells us, "Tum Marcus Tullius consul, sive presentiam ejus timens, seu ira commotus, orationem habuit luculentam atque utilem reipublice, quam postea scriptam edidit." We had always supposed this oration to be the first Catilinarian, second for fierce invective to none that the great orator ever pronounced; and as to the dagger, Sallust also tells us of Catiline, "Ipse cum telo esse, item alios jubere."

This is Mr. Frothingham's second contribution to our Revolutionary history. His "Siege of Boston" has become a work highly esteemed for accuracy and extent of research. The "Life of Warren" will take equal rank for the same reason, and we believe that the author is still young enough to justify us in looking for some future volume to bear them company in the same rich and useful field.

A GOBLIN ROMANCE.*

THIS is a goblin romance, indeed; the most goblin, we think, that we ever read. It concerns a maiden who was spirited away by fairies, in Ireland, and left her lover to die. It is not a long story, and yet it takes a good while to tell it in verse. It begins with a weird picture of twilight, when all the natural objects contribute to the beauty of descriptive writing, and even among the grass

"The dry stems wheeze a tiny pipe,
To show they wakeful lie;
As urchins mumble unknown type,
When pedagogue struts by."

About this time in the evening the youth and maiden of the romance made

* "Eva: A Goblin Romance. By John Savage." New York: James B. Kierker. 1865.

love to each other, the youth having suffered physical torments from the glance of the maiden's eyes:

"Eyes of such unearthly light,
Though dark as ever wrought,
By heavens! they twist me as a sprite
Though I but see in thought.
Much more they twisted yon poor soul,
The brave youth at her side."

Surviving, the youth sang a song concerning a true lover who

—"gazed on his love as martyr would
On the hope that raised his soul,
And his eyes to her rolled as the halo should
Round the head of the Virgin roll."

Won by the appeal, the maiden confesses her tenderness for the youth:

"My heart is throbbing like the sea,
And could sea span the skies above,
I feel its vast immensity
Could not cradle half my love."

The maiden's confession roused the ghosts in the old church near which they stood, and the spectres all united in a goblin merry-making, led on by the immortal part of a remorseless baron, who in life

—"had been known to brag
The number of vassals he clove with his mace;
And he took less delight racing after the stag
Than he did in staying the human race."

As for the phantoms of certain unfaithful wives, when the

"'Yes' from Eva's mouth
Proclaimed youth Kevin's bride
All swirled, as though the grapes of the south
Were gurgling their skulls inside."

One of the greatest rogues among the fairies was Thatchet, and when the fairies assembled to plot the abduction of Eva

"Thatchet sneaked off in the crowd
Under the wing of a fly,
And he tickled the fly's kind shroud,
For tears came in laughter's eye."

The fairies sang with the voice of the lover (in order to lure and bewilder the maiden) a love-song, of which the burden, frequently repeated, was:

"Not in fields of clover,
Neither in the bower,
Nor by rushing rovers,
But here, at this hour."

Then the fairies, triumphing in their cruel deceit, exulted and sang:

"From the primal—sunlight glory,
To the dismal—caves of earth;
From the flood-god's—Sagas hoary,
To the wood-god's—give us mirth!"

The poor, forsaken youth, coming, ignorant of his loss, to greet his love, chides his heart for its rapture:

"Ah! happy me! O proudest one!
Restrain thy throbbing side;
It swells amain with radiant pain,
Till comes thy radiant bride."

His death shortly follows. On the whole the poem is wildly original, and reads like the production of a man who was not friends with his printer: say the production of a Mahony Fenian put in type by a Roberts Fenian.

THE MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

WE suppose the droll people who have been shocked at the publication of extracts from "Hawthorne's Note-book" will renew their dismay over the present number of the "Atlantic," for these extracts are continued in it, and form, by all odds, the most attractive paper of the magazine. We find them of singular value, both as means of knowing the literary methods of Hawthorne, and as a study of that part of his life with which his admirers have a right to be acquainted. The extracts are made with taste and tact, and contain nothing to wound the sensibilities of those most jealous of the great romancer's "sacred riches of private reputation." The passages given in the February "Atlantic" are somewhat longer than those of the preceding number, and have rather the character of entries in a diary than of jottings in a note-book. They tell of a visit made at a friend's house near the Canadian border of Maine, and abound in sketchy descriptions of the half-French, half-Irish population of the region. There is a French language-master who is presented much as he would have been in one of Hawthorne's romances, if the author had spoken of him in the person of Miles Coverdale. The pictures of natural scenery are more Hawthorne: a thought or emotion lurking in every part of the landscape, as in those caprices of Kaulbach's where the woods and fields are full of human faces. —We have found the quietude and gravity of Rossetti's "English Opinion

on the American War" rather too much for our interest, but there is no doubt that the paper is written candidly, and if Americans have not ceased altogether to care about English opinion, good or bad, concerning the war, many will find it profitable to read Mr. Rossetti's paper to the end.—It is a good notion to print "The Freedman's Story" just as the freedman wrote it, and the story happens to be interesting, which is better.—"A Landscape Painter" is a very charming love-story indeed, written with grace and spirit.—Whittier's poem, "Two Pictures," is scarcely worthy of him. There are many beautiful lines in it, but the story is not well told. The moral, however, is the grain of sand which breaks the reader's back. The poem teaches that if young ladies marry apparently poor young men for love, they are very likely to find them rich after all.—As for "Riviera di Ponente," the less we say about that poem, the better for the poet. It is rhyme of a revery at Nice, and deals with the past and present in such dreamy fashion as conveys little idea of either scenery or history, and imparts scarcely a sentiment of time or place to the most receptive reader. Besides, it is full of such rhymes to Riviera as fairer, sharer, air are—rhymes utterly inadmissible, unless, indeed, the reader cherishes the provincial vulgarity of omitting to enunciate the letter *r*. Let us write one stanza of the poem, with printing to suit the pronunciation and meet the requirements of prosody:

"There black waw-ships doze at ancha, in the bay of Villa-Franca;
Eagle-like, grey Esa, clinging to its rocky pe'ch, looks down;
And upon the mountains dim, wearied, shatibed, etc'n and gwim,
Tu'bia sees us through the ages, with its aneste's Roman frown,
While we climb, where coola, rara
Breezes sweep the Riviera."

—One is glad, in "Griffith Gaunt," to be assured (though of course one knew it from the first) that neither Griffith nor Neville was killed in the duel; but the story leaves off, as before, at a point most distressing to the reader. It is droll to find Reade quoting Artemus Ward, and calling him "Artemus the delicious."

In "Harper's Magazine" "An International Affair" is concluded, and it is decided that the fiction is both a love-story and a horse-story. The American hero wins the Englishman's beloved, and the American's mustang beats the Englishman's thorough-bred. The story is well told, and its hints on horsemanship are no doubt valuable.—The magazine opens with a highly illustrated paper on the "Hospital of the Insane at Blackwell's Island," which is professedly written by a gentleman lately under treatment there for lunacy. It is full of amusing sketches, which we doubt the justice of printing. The author may urge his late disorder in extenuation of the error committed, but what has the editor, who cannot plead insanity, to say in defence of publishing pictures and histories of the unhappy people whose infirmities certainly render them interesting to science, but do not justly make them material for magazine literature?—The poetry of the number seems to us rather better than usual.—There is a very interesting and instructive paper, illustrated, on "Diamonds and other Gems," which tells something of the manner of cutting precious stones, and recounts the history of famous gems.—The "Editor's Easy Chair" is the most attractive part of the magazine to us, and in the present number we think it delightful. One may always turn to it with the certainty of finding some interesting topic of manners or morals discussed with exquisite grace and faultless good-breeding.—"The Monthly Record of Current Events," which has been such a valuable feature in "Harper's," is much extended, and will contain a résumé of the Congressional proceedings.

The second number of "Beadle's Monthly" impresses us favorably enough with the character of a magazine which does not aspire, we suppose, to take a place in the first-rate periodical literature. It is illustrated after the manner of "Harper's," and it seems to us that the illustrations are as well conceived and executed as those of the magazine named. In the February number we observe that five out of eleven papers are illustrated: one of these is a poem, and another is one of those articles made up from new books which have heretofore been the monopoly of "Harper's." The quality of the prose in "Beadle's Monthly" is strictly second-rate, and there is nothing in the poetry to put the prose to shame. We think the best paper in the number before us is that on "William of Orange," and the best poem is the "Ballad of the War."

A very pleasant magazine article is that on "The Struggle in Tyrol," with which "Hours at Home" opens. It acquaints us easily and entertainingly with the life and character of a people concerning whom most of our ideas are from picturesque tradition and conventional sentiment, rather than actual knowledge; and it recounts the events of a still existing struggle in the Tyrol between the modern Protestant spirit and the Catholicism of the Middle Ages. The writer describes the Tyrolese as a people of pure and diligent life, devoted with entire sincerity to their ancient faith and to their

Kaiser, and their priests as men of unselfish and benevolent purposes toward all within the pale of the church, but merciless bigots and unsparing of heresy. The Tyrol united with great unanimity, in 1861, to demand of the Austrian Government the withdrawal of the Protestant rights of residence and free worship, and the Diet voted to petition a law from the Kaiser, forbidding Protestants to hold real estate or form parishes in the Tyrol. The Imperial Government has evaded compliance with this petition, the courts have been obliged to decide in favor of the Protestants, and the Tyrol continues agitated by this curious struggle of bigotry to assert a supremacy which long ago passed out of the hands of the church.—Mr. Wm. Swinton, who had the best opportunities of studying the *morale* of our army, contributes some notes on the religious sentiment of the Union forces, from which it appears that as a general thing they differed in habits of parlance from "our army in Flanders." These notes are interesting and valuable, for they are testimony from an intelligent observer to the high character of the troops with whom God was not alone because their battalions were strongest.

The "Boston Review" for the present quarter has certain spirited and timely articles, of which the greater number are of a theological character, but of which some discuss secular topics. We have rather relished the exposure of a "Fraud in Authorship," wherein S. Emma E. Emonds, "nurse and spy in the Union army," is shown to be also a sad plagiarist and a person of exceedingly doubtful veracity. "George Fox" is an article which will attract those interested in a now waning sect:

"The old order changes and the new succeeds,
And God fulfils himself in many ways."

Quakerism is passing, but we must all respect it and honor it as one of the most effective agencies for good ever known, and we may read the history of its creation with edification even in a time which requires no such protest against its sins.

The Life and Public Services of Andrew Johnson. Including his State Papers, Speeches, and Addresses. By John Savage. (Derby & Miller, New York.)—In comparing this biography with Mr. Frank Moore's, which we noticed on another occasion, we do not perceive that it possesses any decided superiority. It is more minute and extended, but it presents very few new facts, and the old ones are brought out or slurred over very unskillfully for a partial and would-be laudatory narrative, or very uncautiously if a simple fidelity to truth was the aim of Mr. Savage. Mr. Johnson's hostility to the right of petition in the days when John Quincy Adams defended it, almost alone, in Congress, was a fact which would naturally have suggested an apology to the biographer of a Democrat *par excellence*. At the least, he might have let it pass without comment. Mr. Savage is at the pains to say of a certain speech by Mr. Johnson, in reply to Mr. Adams, that it "was characterized as a highly creditable effort." So it is rather awkward to revive at this day Mr. Johnson's naïve avowal with regard to our war with Mexico, that it must have been just, "or it never could have been crowned with such unparalleled success." For the comment is too ready, that the success of that war was a large part of the success of the rebellion, which, for the rest, by Mr. Johnson's rule, must either have been half right or right half the time. In Mr. Moore's biography every speech is reproduced entire; in Mr. Savage's, scarcely in a single instance is this the case. The sentence in which Governor Johnson offered himself to be the Moses of the colored people of Tennessee, is alone preserved from the famous Nashville speech of October 4, 1864. As for rhetoric, Mr. Savage tells of the "Greenville debating society, huddled in the romantic grasp of the Alleghany and Cumberland Mountains," and, with some confusion of metaphors, how Mr. Johnson, "under the loving tutelage of his wife, soon wielded the pen and the slates-pencil; and these doors being open, she soon presented him at other shrines of useful knowledge." The book is well printed, and the steel portrait by Ritchie seems to us better than that by H. W. Smith.

The Works of the Right Honorable Edmund Burke. Revised edition. Vol. III. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)—Two-thirds of the present volume are occupied with Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France." Everybody knows that they were by no means favorable to the greatest overthrow of modern times. He could not conceive of a state of society so bad that it was easier to destroy and reconstruct than preserve and amend it; or, to use his own words, "how any man can have brought himself to that pitch of presumption, to consider his country as nothing but *carte blanche*, upon which he may scribble whatever he pleases." The right of a people to frame and administer its own government has become somewhat more respectable than it was when these words were written.

Naval Duties and Discipline. With the Policy and Principles of Naval Organization. By Lieut. F. A. Roe, U. S. N. (D. Van Nostrand, New York.)—This work is a familiar conversation on the topics indicated in the title, and lacks the dignity and precision of a treatise or a text-book. The author is very much enamored of the theory of naval organization, and grieved at the departures from it in our service. He himself, however, takes the liberty of departing from the accepted theory of English grammar too often; as when, for example, he says: "I had as soon think" (p. 81).

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MIND IN NATURE; OR, THE ORIGIN OF LIFE, AND THE MODE OF DEVELOPMENT OF ANIMALS. By Henry James Clark, A.B., B.S. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A CONCISE STATEMENT OF THE ACTION OF CONGRESS IN RELATION TO A NAVY YARD FOR IRON-CLAD VESSELS. New London, Conn.

SOCIAL LIFE OF THE CHINESE. By Rev. Justus Doolittle. Two Vols.—A THIRD READER. By Marcus Willson.—HALF A MILLION OF MONEY. By Amelia B. Edwards.—GUY DEVERELL. By J. Sheridan Le Fanu. Harper & Bros., New York.

A LIGHT AND A DARK CHRISTMAS. By Mrs. Henry Wood. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. (F. A. Brady, New York.)

OUR NATIONAL FINANCES. A Review of the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury. By a Patriot. Baker & Godwin, New York.

MISS OONA McQUARRIE. A Sequel to "Alfred Hagart's Household." By Alexander Smith. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THE DRAGON OF THE ENCHANTED VALLEY. By Rev. O. C. Dickerson. Jacksonville, Illinois.

THE WAR: ITS CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES. By C. C. S. Farrar, of Mississippi. Blelock & Co., Cairo, Memphis, and Paducah.

MILDRED'S WEDDING. By Francis Derrick. Bunce & Huntington, New York.

ALCOHOLIC MEDICATION. By R. T. Trall, M.D. Miller, Wood & Co., New York.

SADLIERS' CATHOLIC ALMANAC AND ORDO, FOR 1866. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

OLD NEW YORK; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST SIXTY YEARS. By John W. Francis, M.D., LL.D. With a Memoir of the Author, by Henry T. Tuckerman.—POEMS RELATING TO THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Philip Freneau. With an Introductory Memoir and Notes, by Evert A. Duyckinck. W. J. Widdleton, New York.

Fine Arts.

FRENCH AND BELGIAN PICTURES ON EXHIBITION.

THE more important and valuable of the pictures which Mr. Pilgeram has to show us in Tenth Street, and Mr. Knoedler in Broadway, seem to be—and, so far as we know the modern art of Europe, are—stray studies of a new and promising school of historical art. Now, it is not many years since there arose a doubt in the minds of those who cared for painting, whether there were any real historical painting or could be, and if so, then what it was or would be like. The fine arts of design had become very tiresome, from the way they had been practised, and people were impatient of them. Historical painting, having been the most pretentious and the least valuable, for half a century at least, of all the arts, was the most irritating and the least beloved. That so-called historical painting which sought to represent the past stood condemned of all readers of history as crude fancies of what the past might have been, reflecting entire ignorance of what it actually was. The truer historical painting which sought to represent their own time they had, indeed, but did not value nor call historical. It seemed to be written in the book of the future that the painters were to paint history no more, but landscapes and illustrations to the poets and domestic scenes—these last being historical, indeed, after a fashion, but not by themselves making a school of historical art.

But, while history was not to be painted, it began to be written as never before: with accuracy and research, and with an attention to minor details very much like what we expect of fine art. Arnold's description in words of the Roman army at Cannæ, how it looked before it joined battle and was destroyed; Motley's revivifying of the men of Ghent and Bruges in their habits as they lived; Macaulay's minute descriptions of the towns and lands through which his showy narrative was to march, are intellectual efforts which the painters could not but feel to be akin to their own work. It became difficult to keep all the painters away. Most of that trade were, indeed, only too willing not to undertake a task so formidable as painting true history of the past. But some were very ready to work at archeology and antiquities with the writers; the more heartily that the best materials at the disposal of either were rather the painters' than the writers' property in the first place—coins, painted vases, bas-reliefs, and miniatures in manuscripts. Here and there an artist has painted pictures which are really historical in the truth of both the greater and lesser details of scenes reproduced from past time; and the widely diffused and popular art of book illustration, harmful to art in some respects, has made possible a general familiarity with historical truth in art, and compelled the painters to avoid anachronisms under penalty of even popular ridicule.

Among those painters who have, with learning and sympathy, painted the history of the past, Leys, as we have seen, stands high. Nearly all his serious work has been unadorned relation of actual events, chapters from the history of the Netherlands, correlative to Motley's chapters. Not to make a selection of our own, take the list of his important works, to be found in Vapereau's "*Dictionnaire des Contemporains*," edition of 1858, article, *Leys*: out of twenty-three names of pictures, eight are of actual events, eleven of historical compositions, true illustrations of history (as "A

Marriage in the Seventeenth Century" and "An Execution in the Middle Ages"), four only are out of both these categories. And his mission now seems to be to paint the whole history of Antwerp, page by page, on the walls of her town-hall. Other things, like the studies in the Tenth Street gallery, and the larger pictures painted from them (in his own dining-room, we are informed, and not, as was hinted last week, in another's), are of little importance in estimating the nature and importance of his work.

It is to be believed that the careful and elaborate work of his pupils, Alma-Tadema, Lagye, Koller, and the younger De Braeकेleer, and of his French follower, Tissot, is meant but for thorough study, and that they, also, will bend their maturer energies to the true painting of history. If this is to be, since their work now is very good and promises much, they will, one and all, be excellent artists and excellent historiographers, if not historians in the largest sense. But, of course, we cannot wish them to go on for ever with such subjects as they now select. They can do better. Not that the pictures now in New York are uninteresting. M. Alma-Tadema's picture, for instance, No. 2 of the catalogue, "Congregation Entering Church," is worth a brief description for those who cannot see it. The spectator is supposed to be standing within the doorway of a Flemish Gothic church, facing the people who enter from the porch. There must be a screen behind us as we look, for the people do not come full toward us, but turn off to the right or left. We do not stand opposite the middle of the door, but to the right, and see all the pier on the right hand, and beyond it a cluster of people who are evidently gathered before a minor altar in a chapel. At our feet, level with the rich pavement of tiles on which we stand, are several monumental brasses. This is probably not one of the great Flemish cathedrals, but an important parish church, and this seems to be the western door we are observing. A holy-water font against the pier stops the people as they enter, but three or four have passed it and are nearer to us. A magnificent man is in the centre of the picture, clothed in a sweeping sombre robe, embroidered all over with a sort of design of quatrefoils, enclosing, alternately, his crest and a floral pattern, a sort of Phrygian bonnet on his head, a collar of some honorable order over his shoulders, and a huge rosary in his hand; a lady on the right, her head covered with an elaborately arranged hood of white linen, secured with a jewel, and falling on her shoulders and down her back, a dark upper cloak, and a superb dress of white, embroidered thickly with a rich flower pattern in brilliant colors, all the lines of her figure and drapery quiet and graceful; with her a little girl, whose long auburn hair falls loose, who holds a big rosary in her hand, and looks up, suddenly, as she enters, at the groined roof of the church, which we cannot see though she can—all these and half a dozen other figures, types of classes of mediæval man. This is admirable study. The selection of the dresses, the types of face, the action, the architecture, even, little as is seen of it, have been made with care and after investigation and according to deliberate choice. There is more of a similar but different kind of study in No. 4—"New Year's Presents"—in which there is delightful painting of an interior one might be glad to have reproduced in his study; the walls covered, above the wainscoting, with stamped and gilded leather hangings, a marble or scagliola door-frame with a shield of arms on the lintel above, a curtain across the door now drawn back, a richly-painted writing-table and embroidery-covered chair, a beautiful dress on a pretty young lady, and other good costumes to match, natural and easy action. These two pictures are charming, and come near being the gems of the collection. But we hope to see the learning, the skill in drawing, the good if not yet wholly delightful color, and the naturalness of conception which this painter's work shows, used on subjects of the first importance. It may be soon, for M. Alma-Tadema has made his name and a certain fame, having taken a medal at the Paris Salon of 1864, and being already the cause of much patriotic rejoicing to the Antwerp press.

M. Koller, a German, as his choice of subjects shows, has already tried serious history. One little picture of his is here, "Philippe Welser before the Emperor Ferdinand." Another was in the gallery, but was sold at the private view, a "Faust and Marguerite." They are delicate and refined in drawing, and the compositions are skilfully worked up, with plenty of care and study; but there is little expression and little charm of color in either. M. Lagye is very "archaic," as M. Chesneau would say. Certainly the quaintness of the resolute mediævalism is not yet, in his pictures, raised to high historical dignity or invested with any poetical charm. But the power, even the present power, and the promise of these men can only very imperfectly be estimated from the two pictures of each which are here, for we have never seen work of theirs before. M. Henri De Braeकेleer is a nephew of Baron Leys, a very young man as yet, a skilful painter already, and fond

of a photographic accuracy of reproduction. Of the two pictures in the present collection, No. 13, "Interior of a Tailor's Shop, Antwerp," is the better, we think, because the subject, humble as it is, is really more interesting, and is treated with at least equal skill. The panorama of red-tiled roofs, seen through the window, is pleasant to those who think, as lovers of color ought, a red-tiled roof by itself a good subject for a picture. But in his faithful painting of the poor room and forlorn array of utensils and unfinished work, M. De Braeकेleer has found latent color and developed it. He has painted the copper vessels on the old chest with a skill worthy of Leys himself.

M. J. J. Tissot is quite well known here through his work, and highly esteemed, young man though he is and without the sacred endorsement of the French jury, which has not yet singled him out for reward. It is very fortunate that there is at Goupil's a recent and important picture by him, for his last picture here, the "Faust and Margaret in the Garden," was very faulty, as we had occasion to point out in a former article, and there is none by him in the collection in Tenth Street. "Un Tentatif d'Enlèvement" is the title of the present picture, badly paraphrased on the card appended to the picture as "The Duel." A high terrace occupies the foreground, on which the action takes place. A wooden trellised arbor occupies a part of it, and an ornamental piece of water with marble rim is in the extreme front; high trees form a background; a château is on the left in middle distance. It is a grey, lowering, autumn day, the fallen leaves scattered on grass and gravel. In the centre two combatants are engaged. A young lady with yellow hair, in a black gown of heavy stuff, terrified and trembling, stands on the left, partly leaning on the parapet of the terrace. We read the story thus: The elder of the combatants has brought his servants with him, and endeavored to carry off by force the young lady before us. The other gentleman—husband, brother, lover, or friend—has come upon the scene in happy time; he rushes past the lady, draws and lunges furiously at the would-be ravisher. He, an old hand, is cool and on his guard; he has thrown off his black domino and drawn, but still seeks, as if instinctively, to conceal his face, while he easily parries his antagonist's thrust in carte. The sword of the latter, turned aside, has glanced along a post of the arbor nicking off the paint, has caught in a moulding, and bends in an arch with the force of the lunge. The cowardly servants of the villain of this tragedy are off, over the terrace wall and away. The assailant's hat is thrown away, and out of it or with it flies an opened letter, probably the anonymous one which warned him of the attempted villany and brought him here in time. His little dog rushes furiously at the stranger. Every living thing in the picture, except the lady, is in rapid motion, and every line expresses it. There is stir enough here, well managed and dramatic. The skill and knowledge that go to the making up of such a picture will be very effective when the painter begins to do work that shall be wholly worthy of his power. We of course expect, as we have a right to, that he who can draw when he tries will not again exhibit such too visibly bad drawing as some of former years. Although his work seems to us lacking in much of the charm of color and the strength of imaginative conception which one or two of his contemporaries attain, it cannot fail to be valuable and interesting if worthily applied.

There is one recent picture by M. Gérôme in the Tenth Street collection, "Muezzin Calling the Hour of Prayer: Evening, Cairo," a small picture and of simple subject. There is, also, a larger work in his earlier manner, dated 1852. No other of his is now on exhibition in New York. This is, therefore, not a favorable time to speak of his work, except in the most general terms. But his position as an historical painter is, in some respects, independent of his purely artistic power and accomplishment. Whether he is a great and true painter or not, he is assuredly a historian, of great eminence and high rank. His historical work has been of two kinds: reproduction of a past age, and record of this, especially as he has found it in foreign and unfamiliar lands. In both, his careful choice of subject and thoughtful treatment of it have secured for him the attention of thoughtful people. But the success as intellectual efforts of his great designs from classic history, has, as yet, been unequalled by his more recent study in modern Egypt. Perhaps it never may; it is hard to imagine what pictures could be painted from subjects furnished or suggested by the Orient in 1857 to compare with the great compositions, satires at once and honorable tributes, which the modern Empire has offered through Gérôme to the memory of its prototype. Modern France had tried before to honor the shade of ancient Rome, and had failed—witness, among many, M. Couture's "Romans of the Decadence," one picture among many without much meaning, worse than many of its kind in all artistic qualities. That picture was exhibited in 1847, and in the same collection with it was M. Gérôme's first exhibited work, "The Cock-fight," still so well known by photographs. The old school of historical painting

achieved a characteristic failure in the former. M. Couture's huge picture, taking Juvenal's famous lines for text:

"Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala; sævior armis
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem."

pretended to portray on one canvas the corruption and luxury of the later Empire. But the learning was insufficient, the antiquarianism false, the perception of antique character and beauty very imperfect; no part of the historical composition even approximately truthful except the architecture. And in artistic merit it was not more admirable, for even the drawing was faulty and the color monotonous and cold. In contrast with this came the severe and moderate little picture named above—just such a study of a would-be historian as we have said M. Alma-Tadema's pictures seem to be. Out of that little episode of the Greek boy exciting the birds to fight and the girl looking on, were to come the elaborate pictured histories of Greece and Rome, which the painter has since given the world.

"Ave Cæsar, Imperator, morituri te salutant."

In that motto, in the face of the emperor, in his name below, "Vitellius, Imperator," the women and courtiers near him, the ranged seats with the vast audience, the grouped gladiators on the sand, and the bodies of the slain which attendants drag away with hooks, there is the true spirit of the Romans of the Empire when not busy with conquest and organization, but relaxed in amusement. There is another side of that strange creation, the Roman character, in the "Death of Cæsar." And there is still another facet that flashes in the "Two Augurs." "Cato mirari se aiebat, quod non rideret haruspex, haruspicum quum vidisset." Cato said that he wondered how an augur could help laughing whenever he met an augur. These two augurs have met before the coops of the sacred chickens, and they cannot help laughing. This solemn farce is just as necessary to witness, if you would understand Rome, as the blundering patriotism and jealous selfishness of the murder of Cæsar or the heartily-enjoyed slaughter of the arena. In these and all the classical compositions of the painter, the completeness and elaboration are wonderful. The highest creative imagination, indeed, is not to be ascribed to him, but his power of discovery, of ascertaining the essential facts, is so great as to raise him almost to the rank of a truly imaginative artist.

The more recent works of Gérôme, painted since 1857, and generally representing scenes of actual everyday occurrence in the East, are as carefully elaborated as the others. Several of these have been exhibited here, the highly finished and effective picture of the Cairene dancing girl, "L'Almée" (which is owned in New York), the "Prayer in the Desert," and now "The Muezzin." In this last-named picture the shadows fall very steeply for "evening" that is to say, sunset, the time of the Muezzin's evening call. The picture is very interesting. The quiet figure of the summoner to prayer, with his hands laid upon and just holding the slender railing, his head thrown back, and his face raised toward heaven as he chants the sacred words of the summons; this and the "dim rich city" far below, and the architecture of the minaret on which the figure stands, and which connects it with the world of men, harmonize perfectly, and make a picture which we cannot doubt is truly Cairene. Except from internal evidence we offer no opinion as to the accuracy of M. Gérôme's account of Egypt; but he certainly has what M. Renan truly said Washington Irving had not, "un sentiment historique fort élevé," and he has had abundant opportunities for study. We find record of two voyages by him in the East, one before 1856 and one in 1856-7.

Space fails us to speak, as we should wish to, if at all, of several eminent and meritorious painters, particularly M. Edouard Frère, M. Plassau, and M. Heilbuth. The last-named is connected by his work with our present enquiry, for his principal pictures are of considerable historical value as well as interesting from their artistic merits. M. Plassau seems to have a love for and power over color not common in modern France.

But importation of European pictures has begun in earnest. Hereafter we shall have opportunities of seeing and studying good art in New York, and consequently less need of crossing the sea to seek it. There is comfort and help for the painters, also, in such importation, if they choose—danger as well; but we may be allowed to hope that the danger will be avoided and the good seized.

MUSIC.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

THERE were three good concerts in New York during the past week, besides the matinees of Mr. Wehli. Mrs. Fanny Raymond Ritter gave a concert at Dodworth's Hall, on Tuesday evening, to an audience composed very largely of musicians, where all the music was good, but where the performance of

Mrs. Ritter herself was below the level of that of her assistants. That is to say, she is not so good as a singer as Mr. Mills or Mr. Thomas are as players on the piano or violin. Her voice is moderately sweet and flexible and has good compass and power, but is not as sympathetic as Mr. Bergner's violoncello even, though her execution is equal and correct. She appeared to better advantage in the arias from Gluck and Händel than in her other selections. The arietta of Händel, "Lascia ch'io pianga," is interesting as well as beautiful. It is from the almost forgotten opera of "Rinaldo," the first work of Händel after his return from Italy, and said to have been written within fourteen days. The air itself is reported to have been originally a minuet written for some dance-music in Hamburg. There are three or four other airs in this once immensely popular opera that are well worth being hunted up and performed for their intrinsic worth as well as their curiosity. Messrs. Mills, Thomas, and Bergner played Schumann's second trio, Op. 80, for piano, violin, and violoncello. This was written in 1847, in Schumann's prime, and is more conventional in form and shows the influence of contrapuntal studies more than his first trio. It is in four movements, the second of which is very beautiful and finely worked up.

Messrs. Mills and Thomas also played the famous sonata, Op. 47, of Beethoven, dedicated to the celebrated violinist, Rudolph Kreutzer. This sonata, written in 1805, is almost a concerto, for the two instruments vie with each other throughout, not to display the skill of virtuosos, but in the full expression of their being. It demands two performers of equal knowledge and soul, and animated by one spirit. The rendering on this occasion left very little to be desired. Mr. Mills played as always, and Mr. Thomas, evidently stimulated by the presence of Mr. Rosa, did excellently. The effect was splendid. The whole sonata is a joyous dream, with its slow introduction in D minor, changing into the lively *presto* in A minor. The *andante* with variations breathes a more quiet devotional spirit of glad rest. The variations are singularly good, with the well-managed contrasts of the two instruments. The final *presto* in A major, which renews the feeling of the first part, was originally written for the first sonata with violin of Op. 30. There were besides two pieces of Chopin played by Mr. Mills, and the variations for piano and violoncello, Op. 17, of Mendelssohn, by Mills and Bergner.

Messrs. Mason and Thomas and their supporters gave the second of their eleventh series of soirées of chamber music on Wednesday evening. Slowly but surely these concerts are making themselves felt, and gradually a refined taste is spread by their influence. But they do not reach as wide a circle as they ought. There are many who are capable of appreciating such music as is performed here, and enjoy it when it is brought to them, who never make any effort to go to hear it. They are not sufficiently ardent to give up a party or some other place of amusement. Let such persons stay away if they choose, but let them subscribe, and give away their tickets to some cultivated friend whose purse is too small to gratify wishes and needs which are constantly enlarging with culture. The music on this occasion was the sextet in C, Op. 140, of Spohr; the trio of Schumann in G minor, Op. 110; and Beethoven's quartet in E flat, Op. 74.

The sextet, for two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos, was written just after the commencement of the revolutionary movements in Europe in 1848, at a time when Spohr, in common with the rest of Germany, was very much excited by the outbreak and fruition of the ideas of brotherhood and freedom. In entering the piece in his list of works he adds, "Written in March and April, at the time of the glorious revolution of the peoples for the liberty, unity, and grandeur of Germany." Something of this spirit of unrest is seen in the first and third parts, while the *larghetto* expresses his dream of peace, hope, and concord. Spohr is manifestly a musician of the second class, yet his works compare very favorably with those of the masters. They show, as this sextet does, a wealth of melody and thorough musical science, united to a good management of the instruments; but they seldom seem spontaneous, and rarely develop unexpected and, therefore, beautiful passages. We would gladly hear more of his works—an occasional symphony would not be uninteresting—and we should then recur with satisfaction to the old and new masters.

The trio of Schumann for piano, violin, and violoncello is a beautiful imaginative work, richer and better in every way than the second trio of which we spoke above. The *finale* displays humor which is not often seen in music of this character other than by Schumann, but which is rightly introduced here. The piece was written between October 2 and 9, 1851. It is a little singular that both this and the previous trio contain themes that are afterwards touched on by the author in his fourth symphony. We were not so much pleased with Mr. Mason's rendering of the piano part as we were with the playing of Mr. Mills. His musical feeling is exquisite, but he seemed to hesitate in his touch, and betrayed a want of practice, especially in the first movement.

Nothing better could be desired than the excellent and exact rendering that was given to Beethoven's quartet. The performers seemed animated with one soul, and seemed contained in one body. The first movement contains many beautiful and salient points; one passage of scales gradually increasing from four to twelve notes in each bar was very striking; another beautiful place is where the theme is played *pizzicato* by the violins, with a bowe d'accompagnement of the other instruments, and then the reverse. The repetition of this and similar passages in this movement has given the piece the name of the "harp quartet." The *presto* was also very effective with its repetition of the principal part three times, and of the trio twice, ending in a transition to the *andante*, which, without the variations, would be a sufficient and worthy *finale*. The variations are uninteresting, and seem appended merely to stretch the *finale* out to a proportionate length.

Of the Philharmonic Concert, on Saturday evening, we have only room to say that the chief and most interesting orchestral piece was the symphony by Berlioz, Op. 14, entitled "Une Episode de la vie d'un Artiste." Mr. Wehli played two solos for the piano. His playing is good technically, but tasteless, and he is incapable of performing the best kind of music.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NATION OFFICE, Saturday Evening,
January 27, 1866.

GOLD has not varied much during the week. Most of the leading operators are bears, but the prevailing uncertainty with regard to the financial measure before Congress and the advance of the rate of interest on the other side have checked the decline. The lowest point touched during the week was 138½, on Tuesday, and the highest 139½, to-day; this evening it closes at 139½. Exchange continues to rule ½ to ¾ per cent. below the point at which coin can be profitably shipped as a remittance. Considerable anxiety prevails in London on the subject of trade with the United States. A leading authority figures a balance of \$40,000,000 in gold due Great Britain by the United States on the interchange of produce and merchandise during the year 1865, and argues that the merchants of this country must be indebted to the merchants of England in some such sum. The error in the reasoning is so obvious that it will soon be detected. If we owed Europe \$40,000,000 in gold, exchange would not rule at 108½ to ¼. It would be 109½ to 110. The fact is, we have lately shipped so many 5-20 bonds to Europe at 65 to 67 in gold, and so much Erie, Illinois Central, and Michigan Central—to say nothing of Massachusetts State bonds and other State and county securities—that the balance of trade has turned in our favor instead of being against us. The difficulty in London is not, as the *London Times* intimates, that liberal British manufacturers are selling too many goods on credit to shabby American importers, but that far-sighted Englishmen are buying at 66 and 67 United States bonds which the same *London Times* warned them not to touch, on peril of ruin, at 35 to 40. American credit is beginning to be understood in Europe, and the natural consequence is that money is flowing to the point where it is worth most. Stout resistance is being made to the movement by the Bank of England and the other financial authorities of Great Britain. But unless they can convince their people once more that 5-20 bonds are not worth buying, their labor will be in vain. A further advance in the Bank rate to 10 or 12 per cent. has been predicted. This would gravely embarrass British trade and industry, and would put an end at once to speculation as well in United States as in all other securities. But it is not clear that it would induce *bona fide* holders of 5-20 bonds or Illinois Central shares to sell them, so long as interest on the one and dividends on the other are duly paid. It is argued in some quarters that the advance of the rate of interest must tell on the price of cotton. This will be the case if large quantities of cotton are held on speculation on the other side. At present, the European stock of American cotton is not far in excess of the actual wants of spinners, and is therefore beyond the influence of the money market. If, owing to financial pressure at home, our merchants should ship excessive quantities of cotton to the other side, a heavy decline in the price would become inevitable from the difficulty of borrowing money in England. But so long as our people can hold their cotton, and only ship moderately

it does not seem that the Bank of England can even affect the price of this staple.

Money continues easy. The rates are 5 to 6 per cent. on choice collateral, and 7 per cent. for first-class mercantile, paper. Some deposits have been made during the week in the Sub-Treasury at 6 per cent. No further action has been taken in Congress on the subject of the Morrill bill, but the impression gains ground that it cannot become a law in its present shape. A bill has been drafted by a committee of financial men in this city, among whom the late Sub-Treasurer, John A. Stewart, is said to have been prominent, which looks to the funding into a thirty-year 6 per cent. stock of all the 7.30 notes, interest-bearing legal tenders, debt certificates, and temporary deposits. This measure would enable the Secretary to clear the way for a real commencement of funding, and commands the approval of many good judges. It is, and, indeed, always has been, understood in this city (whatever may have been imagined in Washington) that no substantial reduction of the currency can be effected so long as Government owes money on short-date paper, of various denominations, which it has not the means of paying except by the negotiation of other securities. It may seem, at Washington, a feasible project to blow hot and cold at the same time. But at this, the financial centre of the country, it is well understood that Government cannot pursue two antagonistic policies simultaneously. It cannot contract the currency and at the same time negotiate loans. It can contract the currency, and thus reduce the price of everything, including Government bonds; but in this case it cannot negotiate new bonds. Or it can negotiate new bonds, and float them at a fair price, so as to absorb its troublesome short-date paper; but in this case it cannot contract the currency until it has completed its negotiations. It was reserved for the Committee of Ways and Means to suggest the simultaneous adoption of both policies: to make money dear, and at the same time to offer bonds which could only be negotiated in a cheap money market; to ask the people to give up their currency in exchange for other securities, and at the same time to leave them no currency to give up. Time will develop these little incongruities in the Ways and Means Committee's scheme, and the members of that Committee will doubtless be as ready to correct their errors as they were in the matter of the gold bill. It would be a saving of time and expense, to be sure, if a few constituencies somewhere in the United States would send to Congress members possessed of elementary notions on the subject of finance. But in the end even Mr. Stevens can be brought to admit that water cannot be made to run up hill.

The following table will show the course of prices during the week in the stock, exchange, gold, and money markets:

	Jan. 20.	Jan. 27.	Advance.	Decline.
United States Sixes of 1881.....	104	103½	½
5-20 Bonds, old.....	103½	102½	½
5-20 Bonds of 1865.....	101½	101½
10-40 Bonds.....	92½	92½
7.30 Notes, second series.....	98½	98½
New York Central.....	92½	91½	½
Erie Railway.....	87 ex d.	81½	5½
Hudson River.....	103½	101½	2
Reading Railroad.....	101½	99½	2
Michigan Southern.....	70	68½	1½
Cleveland and Pittsburg.....	84½	78½	5½
Chicago and North-western.....	31½	28½	3½
" " Preferred.....	58	54½	3½
Chicago and Rock Island.....	102½	98½	4½
P., Fort Wayne, and Chicago.....	95½	93½	1½
Canton.....	44	44½	½
Cumberland.....	46½	44½	2½
Mariposa.....	14	13	1
American Gold.....	139	139½
Bankers' Bills on London.....	108½	108½
Call Loans.....	5	6	1

The feature of the week has been a general decline in prices. This has been more marked in high-priced, dividend-paying stocks than in the "light timber" of the Stock Exchange—an indication that the public are selling their stocks in anticipation of reduced dividends and increased activity in money. Thus, Illinois Central, which we do not quote in our list, as it is mostly held in England, has declined 10 per cent. in a fortnight, Michigan Central 6 per cent., and Toledo 10 per cent. In these stocks there is little or no speculation, and the decline arises from forced sales by real holders, who seek to realize, not from any tight money market, but from apprehensions of reduced dividends in the future. Reading, Rock Island, and Fort Wayne have likewise fallen considerably. The Reading receipts show no material variation in the business. But the Rock Island traffic—which was doubled by the closing of the Mississippi River during the war—is falling off at the rate of \$25,000 a week, \$100,000 a month, or \$1,200,000 a year.

If this decline continues, the stock may again sell below 50. Fort Wayne sold as low as 91½ last week, on a reported decline of over \$100,000 in January. The Pittsburg corner culminated last Monday, and was the most successful affair of the kind ever known in Wall Street. The party bought 75,000 shares of the 100,000 in existence, and within a week sold them out at a profit of some \$175,000. It need hardly be said that the great difficulty in corners is to dispose of the stock bought. Thus, the silly speculators who, a few weeks ago, cornered Prairie du Chien and forced up the price to 250, have got every share of the stock on hand now, and could not sell it at 45. The Pittsburg operators were smarter. Their purchases averaged less than 80 and their sales over 82. Certain smart individuals who got wind of the movement and bought above 80, have not yet sold out, and are fingering with the stock with a view to create the belief that it is not yet done with. But they can neither tempt the public to buy, nor, after their recent bitter experience of the stock, the bears to sell. A party is understood to have been made up in Michigan Southern with a view of cornering the shorts. But so loudly has the intended corner been proclaimed that most of the bears have taken fright in advance and bought in their shorts. The Erie party have not yet disposed of their stock, and whenever they attempt to do so, shrewd speculators, aware of their position and watching their movements, anticipate their sales. Thus, this afternoon the price was forced down to 81, against 97 only three weeks ago, by an attempt of the leading bull to dispose of a few hundred shares. New York Central is inactive and rather steady. The managers have no hesitation in confessing in private conversation that materials, labor, and taxes are so high, while fares and freights are so low, that the road is earning very little money indeed. A large quantity of the stock of the Chicago and North-western has changed hands during the week at a decline of 3 and 4 per cent. A similar decline has taken place in that other cheap and once popular fancy, Ohio Certificates. For the moment, in a word, railway stocks are out of favor with the public, and, notwithstanding a decline of 10 to 15 per cent. and very ingenious arguments in some of the morning papers in favor of a rise, people will not buy. This condition of things will not last for ever, of course; but there is no sign of a change as yet.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

OFFICE, 135 BROADWAY.

Cash Capital, - - - - - \$2,000,000 00
Assets, 1st Jan., 1865, - - - - - 3,768,503 42
Liabilities, - - - - - 77,901 52

FIRE, MARINE, and INLAND INSURANCE.

Agencies at all important points throughout the United States.

CHAS. J. MARTIN, PRESIDENT.

A. F. WILMARTH, VICE-PRESIDENT.

JOHN McGEE, Secretary.

J. H. WASHBURN, Assistant Secretary.

W. C. NICOLL, Superintendent Marine Department.

Thirty-first Dividend NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OFFICE, 12 WALL STREET, JANUARY 10, 1866.

The Directors have This Day declared a Semi-Annual Dividend of

SIX PER CENT.,

FREE OF U. S. TAX

(Reserving all unexpired premiums), payable on and after MONDAY, the 15th inst.

P. NOTMAN, Secretary.

J. D. STEELE, President.

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OFFICE, 12 WALL STREET.

CASH CAPITAL INCREASED TO - - - - - \$1,000,000
SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1865, - - - - - 275,253

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

CHARTERED 1860.

Cash Dividends paid in fourteen years, 248 per cent.

P. NOTMAN, Secretary.

JONATHAN D. STEELE, President.

THE MERCANTILE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE, 35 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

Assets, January 1, 1866 \$1,366,699

ORGANIZED APRIL, 1844.

The Company has paid to its Customers, up to the present time, Losses amounting to over

EIGHTEEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

For the past nine years the cash dividends paid to Stockholders, made from ONE-THIRD of the net profits, have amounted in the aggregate to

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE AND A HALF PER CENT.

Instead of issuing a scrip dividend to dealers, based on the principle that all classes of risks are equally profitable, this Company will hereafter make such cash abatement or discount from the current rates, when premiums are paid, as the general experience of underwriters will warrant, and the net profits remaining at the close of the year will be divided to the stockholders.

This Company continues to make Insurance on Marine and Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks on the most favorable terms, including Risks on Merchandise of all kinds, Hulls, and Freight.

Policies issued making loss payable in Gold or Currency, at the Office in New York, or in Sterling, at the Office of Rathbone, Bros. & Co., in Liverpool.

TRUSTEES.

Joseph Walker,
James Freeland,
Samuel Willett,
Robert L. Taylor,
William T. Frost,
William Watt,
Henry Eyre,
Cornelius Grinnell,
E. E. Morgan,
Her. A. Schleicher,
Joseph Slagge,
Jas. D. Fish,
Geo. W. Hennings,
Francis Hathaway,

Aaron L. Reid,
Ellwood Walter,
D. Colden Murray,
E. Haydock White,
N. L. McCready,
Daniel T. Willets,
L. Edgerton,
Henry R. Kunhardt,
John S. Williams,
William Nelson, Jr.,
Charles Dimock,
A. William Heye,
Harold Dolner,
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ELLWOOD WALTER, President.
CHAS. NEWCOMB, Vice-Prest.

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**Where I Can Ensure,
WHAT I CAN ENSURE AGAINST,
AND
WHAT IT WILL COST ME.**

I CAN ENSURE IN THE NATIONAL LIFE AND TRAVELLERS' INSURANCE CO.,

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OPPOSITE CITY HALL PARK,

Authorized Capital, - - - Half a Million,

AGAINST EVERY DESCRIPTION OF ACCIDENTS that can happen to me on Sea or Land.

I can ensure my life on the purely Mutual Plan, either by an Endowment, or a Life Policy, or a Ten-year Non-forfeiture Policy.

\$25 secures a General Accident Policy for \$5,000, with a Weekly Compensation of \$25.

\$10 secures a Marine Policy for \$10,000 for a voyage to any European port, covering loss of life at sea from accident.

\$167 35 per annum secures an Endowment Policy for \$5,000, with profits payable at the age of 50, or at death to a person 25 years of age.

\$96 90 per annum secures a Life Policy for \$5,000, with profits, to a person 25 years of age. A Loan of one-third of the Premium, or Life, or Endowment Policy will be given, if required, without note.

POLICIES ISSUED AT ONCE.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED for General Accident Policies.

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK,

27 & 29 PINE ST., NEW YORK,

Has for sale U. S. 7-10 Notes, all sizes; also, One Year Certificates and all other Government Loans.

P. C. CALHOUN, President.

B. SEAMAN, Cashier.

ANTHONY LANE, Asst. Cashier.

E. W. CLARK & CO.,

BANKERS AND BROKERS,

35 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT BONDS AND TREASURY NOTES, CERTIFICATES

OF INDEBTEDNESS, QUARTERMASTERS' VOUCHERS,

COMPOUND INTEREST NOTES.

STOCKS and BONDS of all kinds BOUGHT and SOLD on COMMISSION.

GREAT NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK.

CASH CAPITAL, - - - \$1,400,000 00

THE UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

is one of those well-established and prudently managed Life Insurance Companies which distinguish this nation for enlightened benevolence, practical wisdom, and disinterested philanthropy. It offers superior advantages to the life-ensuring public. It is based upon fundamental principles of soundness, and gives abundant security in large accumulated funds. Through the admirable economy of its management large dividends are secured to policy holders. It is prompt in payment of losses, and accommodates the assured in the settlement of their premiums in life policies by receiving a note for one-half when the premium amounts to over \$30.

THIS COMPANY offers PECULIAR ADVANTAGES to persons intending to ensure their lives.

Since its organization it has paid (chiefly to Widows and Orphans) for losses by death,

\$912,342 00,

and

\$412,748 00

in Dividends—a total of over

ONE AND A QUARTER MILLION

of Dollars, and now has, in its Capital and Accumulations, securely invested for the Payment of Losses and Dividends, a fund of

\$1,400,777 16.

This is one of the oldest wholly Mutual Life Insurance Companies in the United States, and has been uniformly successful, having always made large returns in Cash dividends to all the policy holders.

COMPETENT AGENTS WANTED.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 151 BROADWAY.

J. W. & H. JUDD, GENERAL AGENTS.

FIRE INSURANCE

With Participation in Profits.

NORTH AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OFFICE, 114 BROADWAY.

BRANCH OFFICE,

10 COOPER INSTITUTE, THIRD AVENUE.

INCORPORATED 1823.

CASH CAPITAL \$500,000 00

SURPLUS 251,653 11

Cash Capital and Surplus, Jan. 1, 1866, **\$751,653 11.**

Ensures Property against Loss or Damage by fire at usual rates, and the Assured participate in the Profits of the Business.

Policies issued and Losses paid at the Office of the Company, or at its various Agencies in the principal cities in the United States.

R. W. BLEECKER, Secretary.

JAMES W. OTIS, President.

THE

MORRIS FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE COMPANY,

COLUMBIAN BUILDING, 1 NASSAU STREET.

JUNE 1, 1865.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$5,000,000.

CASH CAPITAL, PAID IN, AND SURPLUS, **\$885,040 57.**

POLICIES OF INSURANCE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE

Issued on the most Favorable Terms.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, President
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ELLIS R. THOMAS, Secretary.

FIRST CLASS FIRE INSURANCE

ON THE PARTICIPATION PLAN.

MARKET FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

37 WALL STREET, CORNER OF JAUNCEY COURT.

CONDITION OF THE COMPANY.**ABSTRACT OF THE ANNUAL REPORT OF DEC. 31, 1864.**

TOTAL ASSETS	\$414,739 18
Viz.—Bonds and Mortgages	\$134,672 00
Temporary Loans	92,630 00
Real Estate	10,000 00
100 Shares Mor. Ex. Bank	5,000 00
Government Sec., value	144,514 00
Cash on hand	18,048 34
Interest due	3,085 58
Premiums due	6,785 26
PRESENT LIABILITIES	\$15,995 92
NET SURPLUS	198,733 26

This Company will continue, as heretofore, to insure respectable parties against

DISASTER BY FIRE

At fair and remunerating rates; extending, according to the terms on its Policies, the advantage of the

PARTICIPATION PLAN OF THE COMPANY.

pursued by it for several years past, with such great success and popularity, and profit to its customers: whereby

(75) **SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT.** (75)

of the Profits, instead of being withdrawn from the Company in Dividends to Stockholders, is invested as a "SCRIP FUND," and held for greater protection of its Policyholders; and Scrip, bearing interest, is issued to Customers therefor: thus, IN THIS COMPANY, those who furnish the business, AND PAY THE PREMIUMS, derive the largest share of advantages; and when the accumulations of the SCRIP FUND shall exceed

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, the excess will be applied to PAY OFF the Scrip IN CASH in the order of its issue.

The liberal and prompt adjustment of Claims for Loss, WHEN FAIR AND SQUARE, is a specialty with this Company.

NOTE.—This Company does not insure on the hazards of RIVER, LAKE, or INLAND NAVIGATION; confining itself strictly to a legitimate FIRE INSURANCE BUSINESS.

H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

ASHER TAYLOR, President.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

OFFICES, 1 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

" 139 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CASH CAPITAL	\$1,000,000 00
ASSETS	1,500,000 00

Insurance against Loss by Fire, Marine, Lake, Canal, and Inland Transportation.

STEPHEN CROWELL, President.

EDGAR W. CROWELL, Vice-President.

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WILLIAM KNABE & CO.'S

Celebrated Gold Medal

GRAND,

SQUARE,

AND

UPRIGHT

PIANOS.

These instruments have been for thirty years before the public, in competition with other instruments of first class makers. They have, throughout that long period, maintained their reputation among the profession and the public as being unsurpassed in every quality found in a first-class Piano.

650 BROADWAY,

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CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL.

J. BAUER & CO., Agents.**FRANCIS & LOUTREL,**

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STATIONERS, STEAM PRINTERS

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BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

Supply everything in their line at lowest prices. Every kind of Writing Paper, Account Books, Fancy and Staple Stationery, Diaries for 1866, Expense Books, etc. Orders solicited.

Economical Housekeepers Use

PYLE'S SALERATUS.
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Articles designed for all who want the best goods, full weight. Sold by best Grocers everywhere. Each package bears the name of JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, New York.

THE BEST SEWING-MACHINES IN THE WORLD.**THE WEED MACHINES,**

With all their valuable improvements, entirely overcome all imperfections. They are superior to all others for family and manufacturing purposes, simple in construction, durable in all their parts, and readily understood. They have certainty of stitch on all kinds of fabrics, and are adapted to a wide range of work without change or adjustment, using all kinds of thread. Will hem, fell, bind, gather, braid, tuck, quilt, cord, and, in fact, do all kinds of work required by families or manufacturers. We invite all persons in search of an instrument to execute any kind of sewing now done by machinery to inspect them, and recommend all parties engaging in the sale of sewing-machines to make sure they secure the best by examining the WEED before purchasing. They make the shuttle-stitch, which cannot be excelled for firmness, elasticity, durability, and elegance of finish. They have received the highest premiums in every instance where they have been exhibited in competition with other standard machines. The company being duly licensed, the machines are protected against infringement or litigation.

Reliable agents wanted, to whom we offer great inducements. Every explanation will be cheerfully given to all, whether they wish to purchase or not. Descriptive circulars, together with specimens of their work, will be furnished to all who desire them by mail or otherwise.

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SCHOOL FURNITURE!

Lecture-Room and Sabbath-School Settees

IN EVERY STYLE,

MANUFACTURED BY

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A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

This journal will not be the organ of any party, sect, of body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features: and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

It is intended, in the interest of investors, as well as of the public generally, to have questions of trade and finance treated every week by a writer whose position and character will give his articles an exceptional value, and render them a safe and trustworthy guide.

A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with care, is pursuing a journey through the South. His letters appear every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting what he sees and hears, leaving the public as far as possible to draw its own inferences.

TERMS:—Six Dollars per annum, in advance; Six months, Four Dollars. When delivered by Carrier in New York or Brooklyn, Fifty Cents additional.

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GROVER & BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES

WERE AWARDED THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS

At the State Fairs of

New York,	Illinois,	Virginia,
New Jersey,	Michigan,	N. Carolina,
Vermont,	Wisconsin,	Tennessee,
Pennsylvania,	Iowa,	Alabama,
Ohio,	Kentucky,	Oregon,
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And at numerous Institute and County Fairs, including all the Fairs at which they were exhibited the past three years.

The GROVER & BAKER ELASTIC-STITCH SEWING MACHINE is superior to all others, for the following reasons:

1. The seam is stronger and more elastic than any other.
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LOOK-STITCH SEWING-MACHINE.

N. B.—Money refunded if the Machine is not preferred to any in market for family use.

AGENTS WANTED. 539 Broadway, N. Y.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.,

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THE BEST FAMILY MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

Wonderful REVERSIBLE FEED MOTION. SELF-ADJUSTING Tension. No Snarling and Breaking Threads. Four distinct Stitches.

Make Your Own Soap with B. T. BABBITT'S Potash, in tin cans, 70 Washington Street, New York. Pure Concentrated Potash or Ready Soap Maker. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in the market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No lye is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

B. T. BABBITT,
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington St., N. Y.

DEMULCENT SOAP,

FOR CHAPPED AND TENDER HANDS,

FOR TOILET AND BATH USE.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

J. C. HULL'S SON,

33 PARK ROW, N. Y.

Upwards of 100 styles of Toilet and Staple Soaps. For sale by all Dealers.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,

635 BROADWAY, N. Y.,

MAKE THE
LOCK-STITCH,

and rank highest on account of the elasticity, permanence, beauty, and general desirableness of the stitching, when done, and the wide range of its application.—*Report of American Institute.*

Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines

FOR FAMILIES AND MANUFACTURERS.

THE HOWE MACHINE COMPANY,

ELIAS HOWE, Jr., Pres.,

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Agents wanted.

COOKING AND HEATING BY GAS.

EAGLE GAS COOKING STOVES AND
RANGES,

GUARANTEED TO BAKE PERFECTLY.

HEATING STOVES, GUARANTEED TO HEAT ROOMS
PERFECTLY.

Also,

KEROSENE OIL COOKING STOVES,
The best in market, have regular SIDE OVENS, and guaranteed to BAKE PERFECTLY, and not to Smoke or Smell.

EAGLE GAS STOVE MFG. CO.

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Illustrated Catalogues sent free.

Improvements in Piano-fortes.

One of the simplest and most truly valuable improvements yet made in the Piano-forte is that invented and patented by

DECKER BROTHERS, 91 BLEECKER STREET, in this city. By correcting the only imperfections arising from the use of the full iron-plate, and that, too, by not detracting in the slightest degree from its many positive advantages, the Messrs. Decker have developed in their instruments a tone at once admirable for its purity, fullness, prolongation, and sweetness, and the high estimation in which their improvement is held is well shown in the rapidly increasing business of their firm.—*Tribune.*

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PATENT FIRE AND BURGLAR SAFE.

Superior to any others in the following particulars.

They are more fire-proof.

They are more burglar-proof.

They are perfectly dry.

They do not lose their fire-proof qualities by age.

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MARVIN & CO., 265 Broadway.

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Send for a descriptive Circular.

Boulevard! Boulevard!! Boulevard!!!

The very mention of the wonderful Organ of Seville, in Spain, will cause a thrill of delight in the heart of every traveller who has been so fortunate as to listen to its wondrous tones. Its power over the senses and its effect on the mind cannot be described. At one moment it resembles the flute-like notes of the human voice, and again it bursts forth in a tempest of power, and resembles more than words can convey, a raging storm at sea; and above, amid the wild refrain, the ear clearly catches, in sweetest notes, the singing of birds. Something like this has been the effect of the musical "Le Boulevard." From shore to shore, above the ocean's roar, is heard, in sweetest notes, "Le Boulevard." From the gay and beautiful capital of the world's fashions it comes to the ladies of the Meilleur Monde in America. Suddenly, as a flash from a cloudless sky, it has illumined the land. From every section, and even from the islands of the tropics, the reverberations resound, rolling back the call for "Boulevard." Ladies of America, it is a talisman. It is Thomson's crowning masterpiece in crinoline! Its trade-mark is a royal crown. Its train is pronounced peerless. Ask at ARNOLD's, in Canal Street, and at ELGER's, 880 Broadway, for "Boulevard" on a celer elastique. Merchants of America, send to the oldest and largest manufacturers of crinoline in the world for Boulevard, with patent French Yoke, to W. S. THOMSON, LANGDON & CO., Importers of French Corsets, and Manufacturers of the Crown Skirts, 391 Broadway, New York.

Pacific Mail Steamship Company's THROUGH LINE

TO CALIFORNIA,
TOUCHING AT MEXICAN PORTS,

AND CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL,

Leave Pier No. 42 North River, foot of Canal Street, at 12 o'clock noon, on the 1st, 11th, and 21st of every month (except when those dates fall on Sunday, and then on the preceding SATURDAY), for ASPINWALL, connecting, via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's steamships from Panama for SAN FRANCISCO, touching at ACAPULCO.

DECEMBER.

1st.—HENRY CHAUNCEY, Captain Gray, connecting with CONSTITUTION, Captain Farnsworth.

11th.—ATLANTIC, Captain Maury, connecting with GOLDEN CITY, Captain Bradbury.

21st.—NEW YORK, Captain Horner, connecting with COLORADO, Captain Watkins.

Departures of 1st and 21st connect at Panama with steamers for SOUTH PACIFIC PORTS. Those of 1st touch at MANZANILLO.

Through Passage Rates, in Currency.

FIRST CABIN, SECOND CABIN, STEERAGE,
ON STEAMERS....\$325. \$225. \$100.

Panama Railroad ticket invariably \$25 additional, in currency.

A discount of ONE-FIFTH from steamers' rates allowed to second-cabin and steerage passengers with families.

One Hundred Pounds Baggage allowed each adult. Baggage-masters accompany baggage through, and attend to ladies and children without male protectors. Baggage received on the dock the day before sailing, from steamboats, railroads, and passengers, who prefer to send down early.

An experienced Surgeon on Board. Medicines and attendance free.

A steamer will be placed on the line January 1, 1866, to run from NEW ORLEANS to ASPINWALL, via HAVANA.

For Passage tickets or further information apply at the Company's ticket office, on the wharf foot of Canal Street, North River.

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